

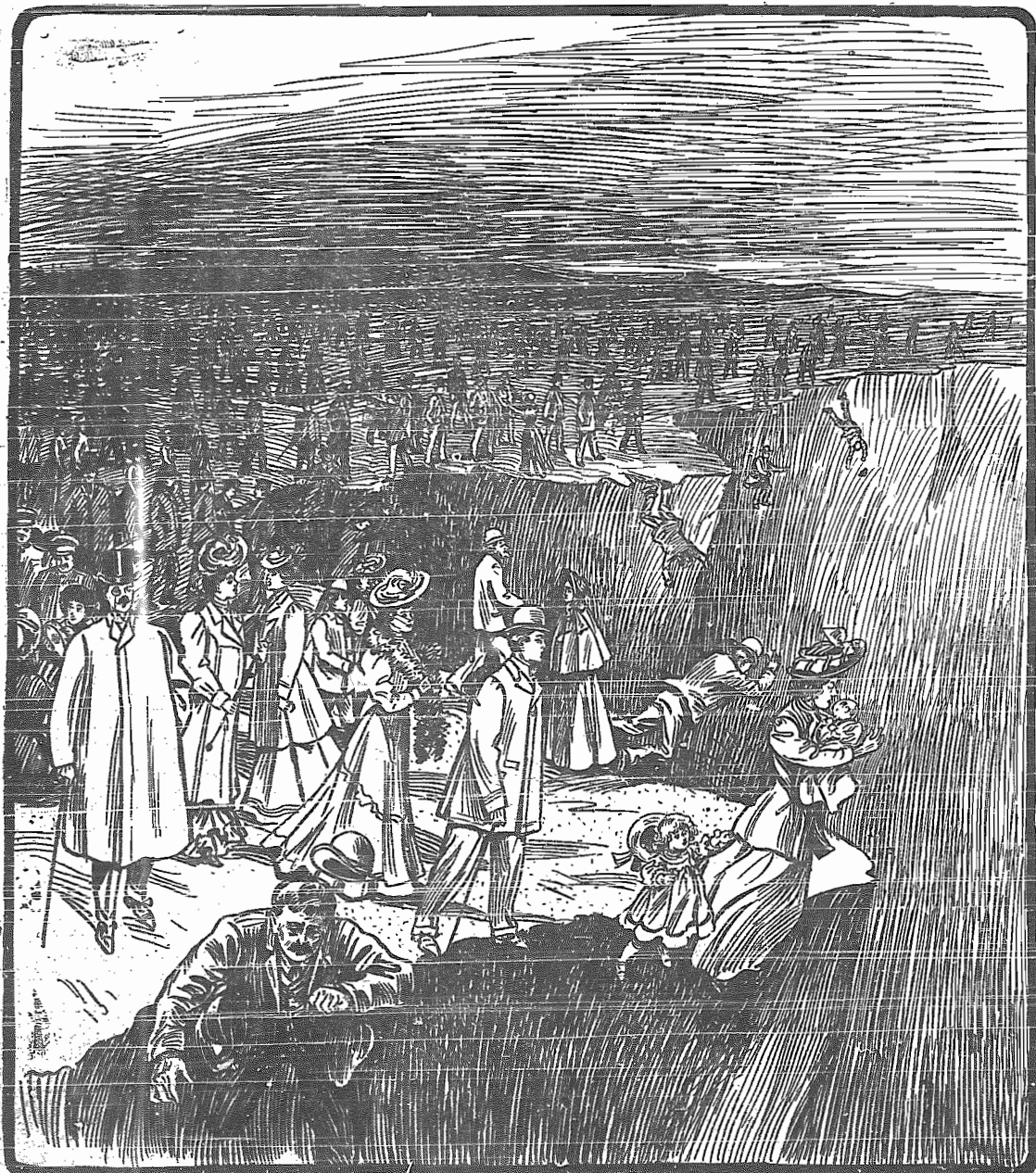
THE
WAR CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

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THE UNGUARDED PRECIPICE.

(See page 2.)

WHO CARES?—DO YOU?

Who knows

The heartaches of the restless crowd we meet
Each day in passing on the busy street;
The woes and cares that ever round them press,
Forebodings that their inmost soul distress?
Who knows? Do you?

Who thinks

Of fears that oft have traced the smiling cheek—
Of scores we meet who never would care to speak
The pangs they feel, the burdens that they bear
Each hour that passes through the weary year?
Who thinks? Do you?

Who cares

To try and understand their pain and grief,
And toll to bring to breaking hearts relief,
To lessen much the burden of their care
By tender word, by loving look and prayer?
Who cares? Do you?

Who strives

To help these slaves in Satan's fetters bound—
The fallen, ruined lost ones all around,
The human wrecks on deadly breakers tossed,
By pointing them to Him Who saves the lost?
Who strives? Do you?

—British War Cry.

A WHOLE TOWNSHIP AT WORK
To Save One Man.

Dr. Torrey tells of a well which was being dug in an American township by two men, one working at the bottom, filling a bucket, and the other at the top drawing it up by a windlass. Presently quicksand was struck, which began to pour in upon the bottom man, but, sheltering his head under a plank which was there, he was able to breathe. News of his danger spread to the township, and the whole township turned out to dig that man out, and worked for many hours till he was saved.

We may ask: Was it worth while for the whole township to go to work to save one man? What is it?

Every humanitarian will answer, "Yes—no effort should be spared." In fact, had there been any sign of apathy or neglect with regard to his fate public sentiment would cry, "Shame on that township." Yet it was but the brief span of a life already half spent which was within their power to save. The physical, material life—for their noblest efforts of rescue did not touch the man's eternal destiny; that he alone had the power to decide whether for loss or gain. God has made it to be a matter of every man's free will choice.

How much more should those, who, having been saved themselves from the pit of destruction, rush to the rescue of their fellows sinking in the quicksands of spiritual ruin on every hand, and what crying shame be on any who dare sit down in idleness, knowing that their efforts might save an immortal soul.

SAVE THE PERISHING MILLIONS.

SEVEN HUNDRED SACRIFICES
For One Life.

An Australian officer, who was visiting a certain town on Army business, relates the following incident:—

"The last time I was here a young woman was nearly burnt to death, but after she had sufficiently recovered the doctor said 'skin grafting' would probably bring her back to her former self again, and called for volunteers who were willing to deny themselves. First a young man came forward, then a young woman, until the town was stirred to a pitch of enthusiasm. There were more people than were required. I saw some men who had from ten to twenty pieces of skin taken from them, and altogether there were 700 pieces given for that life. The young lady is well now. If we could only get many men and women to give their lives up for the salvation of sinners, what a great work could be accomplished!"

No man is ever likely to save humanity until he will give himself to tears and blood for them.

A Child's Cry.

I once heard a cattle drover of the far west tell a story which widened my thoughts of God. Said he:—

"I had to travel many miles from home across the prairie to the nearest settlement, to sell fifty head of cattle, and I had promised to bring a present for my youngest child. I returned with my money upon me in pitch darkness, and in the loneliest part of the road I thought I heard a child cry.

"I called, and it seemed to answer. I dreaded an ambush of Indians or robbers, but I thought it might be a child, and compassion conquered fear, so I groped my way to the cry, and found a lost child moaning and sobbing in the darkness and pouring rain. I wrapped my coat around it and again started for home. When I arrived I could see that something was wrong, and that there was trouble there; but I opened my coat and said, 'I have found a poor little lost child; take it in.' Then I saw that it was my own child that had wandered out to meet me while her mother was at work, and had got lost on the prairie. And," he concluded, "I have often wondered how I could bear to live now if I had not let compassion conquer fear, and stopped when I heard that cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."

Yes, and what are we men and women but infants crying in the night, lost on the prairie of the world, in darkness, doubt, uncertainty, and fear? Our very need is a constant cry for help. Shall the heart of God our Father in heaven be less compassionate than that of the drover in the far west?—Sent by Vena.

A Touching Story.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions as they settled down in a smoking car, and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off."

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up. What is it?"

"Well, boys, I will tell you: Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down in South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came along with a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents,' And, boys, what do you think it was? A pair of baby shoes; little things with soles only a trifle soiled; as if they had been worn but once or twice.

"Where did you get them?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My wife bought 'em for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No she won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down and cried like a child.

"Boys," said the drummer, "you may laugh if you please; but I—I have a baby at home, and I'll never touch another drop."—Sel.

A THOUGHT.

God does not ask any one of us to do greater things than we are capable of performing, but rather asks us to faithfully perform the small duties of everyday life, by the doing of which our possibilities for greater usefulness will develop. As Monod says, "Between the great things we cannot do, and the little things we will not do, there is a great danger of us doing nothing."—R. B. I.

The Unguarded Precipice.

(To our frontispiece.)

There it is—in the direct track of every man, woman, and child whose steps have not been diverted to Calvary. There are no barricades, no barbed wire fences, which forewarn the unwary of dangerous paths, no sign posts even to call a halt, or announce, "This is a dangerous steep—Beware!" as a British tourist club has caused to be erected at hundreds of places where the hazardous cyclist might otherwise risk his life.

The chief means of rescue from the yawning chasm of eternal damnation is left to individual saviours—men and women willing to be posted here and there along the edge, to endeavor by all their powers of entreaty, persuasion, and warning to stop their fellows from taking the final awful plunge. How sadly inadequate are their numbers! How few and far between! While one here and one there is earnestly seeking to alarm the oncomers of their danger, the unguarded spaces are wide and threatening.

And yet those nearest the edge appear wholly unconcerned. Do you wonder? "The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not," is Paul's explanation. They may have heard a thousand sermons on the coming danger in times bygone, but the veil of unbelief is so tightly drawn over their spiritual vision that they are nevertheless truly blinded.

Is there no escape from eternal disaster? For those who go over the precipice of time there is absolutely none.

Prevention Possible.

But there remains to us one grandly possible remedy—the preventative cure.

We may multiply the human saviours as fast and as thick as we will; we may post them right along the edges of ruin; we may fan their zeal into flame, and create such an atmosphere of alarm that none can go over that brink heedlessly, or without knowing what awaits them.

Shall we do so? It remains for the young people in our ranks to-day, up and down this vast Dominion, to voice the answer.

Are you willing? If so, make it the business of your life. Give yourself to it, even as Jesus Christ gave Himself for you.

DISOBEDIENCE MEANS DISASTER.

DO YOU LACK POWER FOR SERVICE?

Do you lack power for service? You have no special 'hirst for the salvation of poor, sin-blighted souls? You are not in agony over the alienation of men from God? And when you speak there is no power in what you say; the devils laugh at your attempt to exorcise them; the congregation yields no results. No hand-picked fruit fills your basket; no recruits accept your call to arms, and you cannot expect it to be otherwise till you obtain the power which our Lord promised when he said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." It was when the early Christians were

Filled with the Holy Ghost

that they spake the word of God with boldness, and gave witness with great and mighty power to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

These and many other deficiencies would be met if only we were filled with the Holy Ghost; there would be a joy, a power, a consciousness of the presence of the Lord, if we would only refuse to be satisfied with anything less than a full and constant indwelling of the Holy Ghost.—Australian Cry.

The call of the cross is not merely a call to forgiveness, but a call to love and work for Christ.—Dr. E. E. Hale, Jr.

A Run Through Grace Hospital, Winnipeg,

PILOTTED BY THE COMMISSIONER.

"What are my impressions of Grace Hospital—Winnipeg's latest Salvation Army acquisition?"

The Commissioner's answer was most unequivocal, and given without a moment's hesitation.

"My impression is that it is the very finest Salvation Army hospital I have ever seen, and I think I am safe in saying that it is the

separate drying and packing rooms adjoining, but also a store room, vegetable cellar, fruit cellar, a trunk room, and the boiler room; each of ample dimensions, and well lighted with windows, etc.

"The ground floor, reached from without by the front steps and verandah, introduces one into a splendid vestibule, from which, on either side, are suites of rooms. On the left hand side are reception room and office, 8 and 9 by 10 feet respectively. Beyond them is an officers' dining-room and parlor, the latter having a side egress to the grounds by steps. Crossing the passage and facing these rooms are a pantry, girls' dining-room 12 x 25 feet, and kitchen. On the right hand side of the front entrance and vestibule, one finds the Matron's room, 10 x 17 feet, and a special ward 16 x 25 feet. Behind these there are the girls' sitting-room, 19 x 25 feet, and a children's dining-room.

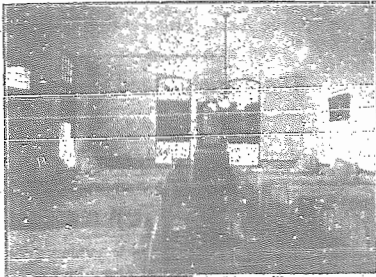
"A splendid, wide flight of stairs point

for the storm-tossed, a place where those who are fallen in life's battle can come for help, succor, and salvation.

"At present Grace Hospital will be utilized for Rescue and Maternity work, but it may be that the day is not far distant when other Homes can be opened, so that the work can be specialized. In the meantime we are running both branches under one roof."

"What about the Medical Staff, Commissioner?"

"Oh, that will have to be the subject of a special article, when I am hoping we shall be able to give photos of some of the eminent gentlemen who render their services to the



One of the Women's Wards.

best property held by the Salvation Army in connection with Women's Social operations in the world. How long it will maintain this enviable position it is difficult to say, for it is well known that rapid strides are being made in many parts of the world, and many valuable buildings are being requisitioned to serve for soul-saving agencies under the blood-and-fire flag.

"The equipment of the Home is certainly splendid. Different societies, firm



Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.

invitingly to the first floor, where we find the night nurses' room, officers' bedroom, and a large children's day room, 16 x 25 ft. 6 in. Across the passage is the children's sleeping room of the same dimensions. Hospital, children's, and officers' bath-rooms and lavatories are provided here; also a small hospital kitchen, whilst the right wing furnishes the hospital sick-room, day nurses' room, a large public ward 20 x 25 feet, and a private ward, all on the same floor.

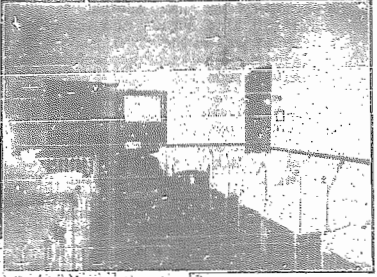
"A double stairway can be utilized for isolation purposes if necessary.

"On the second floor there are four large dormitories, a private ward, three officers' bed-rooms, and bath-room accommodation. Above this there is a large unfinished place in the roof, which we call at present the attic, but can be utilized, if required, and converted into further wards and rooms.

The Ventilation.

"Special attention has been given to the question of ventilation, and the architect and those who have seen it expect magnificent results; while the simple plan adopted to prevent the accumulation of dust by concave floors, has been very much admired and will prove very useful.

"Here is certainly a haven of hope, a refuge

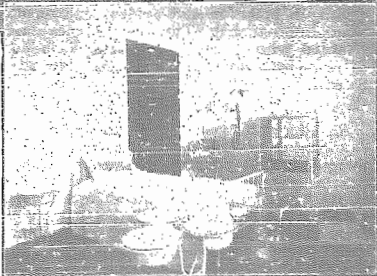


A Children's Ward.

cause. But there is every reason to be thankful for the way that the medical men of Winnipeg assist us. Indeed, our hearts are full of gratitude that the opening of this building furnishes us with so many extended opportunities of rescuing souls, and winning many, many more western trophies for the Saviour's crown."

A SCOTCH SUGGESTION.

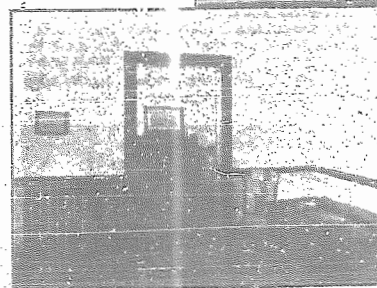
In a Kirkcaldy paper "Forward" makes a suggestion



The Operating Room.

worth acting upon. "My humble proposal is," he says, "that once a year every pulpit in town should be occupied by one of General Booth's preachers of righteousness—inspiring our hot and cold-respectable congregations with a healthy enthusiasm in favor of the Christlike work of the Salvation Army—the collection of that day to be handed over for Salvation Army purposes. It is a common saying now that the Salvation Army is doing the scavenging work of the churches. My suggestion, if acted on, would be a small acknowledgment of their indebtedness.

"He only possesses time who profitably uses it."



Reception Room Office.

individuals, and friends came forward and furnished various rooms, wards, etc., in a very pleasing manner. It is entirely up to date, therefore, Mrs. Coombs informs me that blinds, curtains, and all the other domestic details involved in good household appointments for the Hospital, are in good order, and up to Staff-Capt. Kerr's best style (and those who know her will appreciate what that means).

The Accommodation.

"We have accommodation in the Home for upwards of one hundred and thirty women and children.

"Beginning at the basement, one finds we are provided not only with laundry room,

Interesting Letter from Lieut.-Col. Friedrich.

It is a fact! I am really here in Germany again, at the National Headquarters of the "Heilsarmee," and pinching myself to see whether I am dreaming or awake.

Our departure from Canada was per schedule. On April 18th we farewelled from Toronto, at the dear old Temple, and left next morning for Montreal. We have so pleasant recollection of the many faces of old friends that smiled a last God-speed as the train carried us eastward.

At Montreal we had another farewell. Brigadier and Mrs. Turner and the officers of the city, as well as the corps, made us feel their kindness. The meeting doubtless has been otherwise reported.

On Saturday, April 21st, we set sail on the S.S. Kensington, which is a very comfortable and seaworthy boat, but not exactly an ocean greynhound. The officers and crew were most kind and considerate to all our party and landed us safely, after a very pleasant voyage, with only two rough days and some heavy fog on the Irish coast, on Thursday morning, May 2nd, at Liverpool. Several officers met us there, and very kindly helped us to get our numerous and diversified "luggage" through the customs and on to the "luggage van" of our train. On the same afternoon we arrived at London. Again we were met, greeted, cared for, and bundled off to a billet, where we took time to breathe a little comfortably on terra firma.

The green lawns and leafy trees of England, after leaving the Land of the Maple Leaf before the leaves showed any inclination to clothe the naked maple boughs, and the twelve days of "watery waste," was a welcome relief.

A Peep at the Army in London.

The Salvation Army is distinctly "on top" in the Old Land, and that is as it should be. The meetings at the Congress Hall, which we attended, were alive and proper. The style, evidently well calculated to draw the wonderful crowds which gather there. New lights, which lit up the huge hall with a flaring blaze, have been installed and improve the place.

We had a chance to visit various buildings and institutions, all of which impressed us well. The "Nest" at Clapton is a well-constructed home for children, with ideal grounds for the little ones, who were through their drill with precision and evident enjoyment. The International Training Homes are crowded with nearly 500 Cets, including Salvationists from Japan, India, Norway, Sweden, and other countries.

In Slumdom.

An interesting visit was made to the Sunday market of London, where almost anything desired by the poorer classes of London can be bought at prices ranging from the smallest coin upward. From there we went through the Bird and Dog Market to a street corner where a handful of Aumble Salvationists held an open-air—the Slater St. Slum Corps. The people which gathered there were mostly unpromising material. Children seemed the most attentive listeners. A few busy individuals wrangled over the straight shots the little Captain gave them.

"What does she know about 'even an' God? No more than a dog!" he cried with a snarl, as he spat a mouthful of black liquid among the crowd and turned away in disgust. A few girls, dressed up gaudily, stopped and giggled. Two others laughed and giggled, but the Captain went on talking. What a deal of grace it must require to work among such a class, in such a neighborhood, is beyond my ken, but I feel like lifting my hat every time I think of these devoted lasses and soldiers who stood in that ring.

At the Heart of the Great S. A.

International Headquarters does no longer seem a strange place, this being my fourth visit to the Metropolis. Lieut.-Colonel Moss

—a former Canadian, but now a thorough Anglicized Londoner—presiding in the War Cry den, received us as genial as ever. Lieut.-Colonels Mapp and Kitching were very kind. I had the pleasure of meeting many well known lights, and felt the pulse of the heart of the great S. A. A talk with the Chief of the Staff was deeply appreciated.

On Tuesday night, May 9th, "us seven" left for Germany. Crossing the sea at night has the advantage that you wake up to find yourself on the Dutch coast. The Dutch Custom officials, as well as those on the German frontier, are polite and affable, not giving needless trouble to the passengers.

The journey from London to Berlin is made in twenty-two hours, allowing for one hour's difference in the time. At 6.40 sharp, on schedule time, we steamed into the Friedrich Strasse Station at Berlin, and almost at once espied the happy crowd of

Salvationists on the Look-Out for Us.

Lieut.-Colonel Gauntlett, Major Haines, and several other officers took us by the hand, relieved us of our parcels, and rushed us off in cabs to our new and comfortable home, where kind hands had spread a table and prepared a welcome meal.

On the following Monday Commissioner and Mrs. Oliphant had arranged a tea with the H. Q. Staff, which was a very happy affair, where one could hear English, German, Swedish, Norwegian, and even some French spoken. The Berlin H. Q. Staff, from the Commissioner down, were exceedingly kind and hearty in their welcome. We shall always consider this little welcome tea in Germany as one of our very brightest memories.

The Public Welcome

was conducted by Commissioner Oliphant, in the splendid Bushenhausen Kaiser Saal, and in spite of the warm weather, and the garden concert below its windows, a splendid crowd was present. If you could have been present you would have agreed with me that our freest of meetings in Canada could not eclipse the natural and hearty demonstrative nature of the meeting. Lieut.-Colonel Kitching, from London, happened to be present on business, and spoke at the meeting, as well as a Russian student, who told in enthusiastic words the remarkable progress that true Christianity is making in that country. The band played "The Maple Leaf Forever," to which tune we have German words, which our soldiers sing with gusto. Twenty souls—best of all—sought salvation at the close of a very enthusiastic meeting.

I am at work in the den. I am feeling the

need of oiling up my German a little, but on the whole I am getting on better than I expected myself. I am in love with the work here. Much has been done, and many splendors from the authorities. Again, we have just received permission to march through Berlin and conduct a huge open-air service on the Tempelhofer Feld, the Kaiser's great review place. Still a great work has yet to be done. The field is tremendous and the possibilities beyond computation. Pray fervently and continually, dear comrades, that the Lord may give us wisdom, grace, and courage to push on with our work and win Germany for Jesus. —Yours in loving recollection of the happy years spent in S. A. service in the Land of the Maple Leaf, Bruno Friedrich, Lieut.-Colonel.

The Temple Band's Tour.

(Special.)

The first week-end was spent in Peterboro, where the band received a great welcome ovation by the Peterboro officers, band, and corps. The streets were lined with people as they marched up to the barracks, where a goodly crowd enjoyed, with evident relish, the excellent band festival given by the visitors, under the presidency of Brigadier Turner, who came down from Montreal to take charge of the meetings throughout.

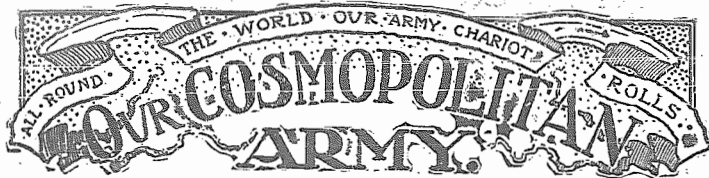
The Temple and Peterboro Bands and corps held a united open-air prior to the business meeting on Sunday morning, at which Adj. Jennings and Ensign McElheney were chief speakers. The afternoon was devoted to a bright musical meeting, and at night the crowd which thronged the building could not be accommodated. Many were turned away. It was a powerful salvation meeting, with good results. The Brigadier acceded to the popular desire by arranging for a second supplementary night meeting, commencing at 9 p.m. The hall was emptied of its first occupants and speedily re-filled. Three souls sought salvation while the band was playing on this occasion. Altogether there were some ten captures for the week-end.

The bandsmen, one and all, were delighted with the warm-hearted appreciation and loving hospitality which they received at this initial start of their summer tour from the kind Peterboro people.

Delays are not refusals. Many a prayer is registered, and underneath it the words, "My time is not yet come." God has a set time as well as a set purpose, and He Who orders the bounds of our tribulations, orders also the time of our deliverance.



Army Officers Laboring Amongst the Hoppers in Kent.



Lieut.-Colonel Brengle's Scandinavian Holiness Campaign.

By Adjutant Mabey.

"What might have been expected to prove drawbacks to the success of the campaign—namely, our ignorance of the people, and of the language—have not seemed to stand in the way in the least. Indeed, we think that in the case of the language, what had appeared a difficulty has been turned to great profit, the two voices seeming to give added weight to the message.

"We found the people, while not noisily demonstrative, extremely susceptible to the truth.

Signs of a Revival.

"Many of the conditions that usually precede a revival seem to be present in the country.

"First, the intensity of attention, and the receptivity of the crowds, and their readiness to respond to the invitation to the penitent form; indicate the working of the Holy Spirit in an unusual way. We found these conditions in all parts of the country.

"In the second place, Christian people are becoming awakened to prayer for a revival. As yet this movement within the church is not general, but it is spreading and developing.

"Again, attempts to promote a revival during the past winter have proved that no very great effort is necessary to bring down showers of blessing.

"In the short period of twelve weeks in Sweden 1,584 persons came to the penitent form, and in four weeks in Norway 371 more—in all, 1,955—surrenders for the four months.

"We visited nine corps in Sweden, from Malmö in the south, to Gefle in the north, and from Stockholm to the Baltic, to Gothenberg on the west coast. The four weeks in Norway were spent in Skien, Drammen, and Christiania.

"Of the meetings, probably the most useful were those held in the afternoons. We did not have large crowds at these gatherings, but earnest people were there who had come with a definite purpose. Some to hear more of the way of holiness, others seeking the experience, others to have intellectual difficulties settled. It was not unusual to see at the close a fourth or a third part of the congregation come to the penitent form.

The Children Not Forgotten.

"Special meetings were held for the children at almost every corps visited. We think that much of the prejudice against the conversion of children is being worn away by the flood of testimony to its possibility.

"A vast majority of all the people who experience conversion are saved before the age of eighteen, and as the age advances the proportion of conversions decrease, until at the age of forty-five the likelihood of a man being converted is less than the proportion of one in a hundred.

"We have been greatly encouraged by the results of these meetings for children. We have heard of little ones going home from the penitent form to throw their arms about their mother's neck and tell her they had given their hearts to Jesus.

Fruit of Last Year's Campaign.

"As we go about we hear good reports of our last summer's campaign in this country. The most striking is a field officer's who came forward publicly seeking the blessing of holiness. Since that time he has had such a

mighty revival at his corps as to almost exhaust him physically. He can seldom close his meetings before midnight, and many souls have been won for God.

"We have witnessed some desperate struggles at the penitent form. One sister had been fighting against the call to soldiership for ten years, but after a conflict at the altar handed her name to the officer to be enrolled as a Candidate. Next day she called her young women friends together and testified to the blessing, and to her resolution. They urged her to re-consider, and she answered that she had considered and re-considered for ten years, but had now settled it for ever.

"A leading merchant struggled into liberty, and, as a result, lost eight hundred kroner which a debtor had refused to pay, and which he had decided to carry to the courts. He found a blessing worth infinitely more.

"One day the Colonel received a package from a lady who had been at the penitent form. This was found to contain jewellery to the value of about two hundred kroner. The lady asked that the pretty things be sold, and the proceeds devoted to the Army's work.

"These are some of the struggles which have come to light; the unseen struggles and triumphs are not recorded here, but have been seen in heaven. The victories which have been evident may not, by any means, be the greatest.

"And the defeats! There are probably many—some, at least, at the penitent form—experienced by those who draw back from sacrifice, victory, and peace."

Now in Denmark.

"In a later letter Lieut.-Colonel S. Brengle, who is now conducting a special campaign in Denmark, says:—

"The Lord has been blessing us very richly, and we have already prayed with over two thousand souls who were seeking pardon or purity. In the last four days in Denmark we have prayed with ninety. This rather surpasses our expectations for Denmark at this season of the year, but God is good to all them that wait upon Him, and delights to answer their prayers. Hallelujah!"

BERLIN'S WARM WELCOME

To Canada's Late Editor-in-Chief.

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching, who has just completed a flying visit to Germany on International business, supplies the following interesting piece of news:

"It was a pleasant surprise to find, upon my arrival in Berlin the other night, that I was just in time to be present at Lieut.-Colonel Bruno Friedrich's welcome meeting.

"The gathering, which was presided over by Commissioner Oliphant, was held in a large music hall. The National Staff, as well as representative officers and soldiers from all the Berlin corps, were present, and made the Colonel and his wife and children feel that the hearts of our German comrades are not one whit less warm than those of the Canadians amongst whom they have for so many years had their home.

"The German words of 'We're Marching on,' to the 'Maple Leaf' tune, must have reminded the Colonel of both the International Congress and the Toronto Temple. The singing was a credit to any Army meeting, and the words of Colonel and Mrs. Friedrich, as well as their Commissioner, were well directed, and led up to a splendid prayer meeting, in which the singing was gloriously carried on until close on eleven o'clock, when we finished with nineteen souls at the mercy seat."

A CINGALESE VILLAGE CHIEFTAIN FORSAKES IDOLATRY.

At Jaffna, in Northern Ceylon, there is a remarkable awakening among the natives, in spite of the fact that much poverty prevails there at present, owing to no rain having fallen for over five months.

At a village opened over a month ago, one of the chief men has forsaken idolatry at our penitent form, and is now preaching salvation to his own people.

Many of the natives are inquiring the way of salvation, while some are inviting the officers to hold meetings in their homes.

A few weeks ago a high caste Hindu brought a false charge against a poor Salvationist. The latter was, however, acquitted, and his accuser, besides being severely reprimanded by the magistrate, was fined for bringing a false charge into court.

There was a great jubilation in the village at this triumph of the weak over the strong, and some of the people shouted to the officers, "We will all come over to your religion."

NORWAY'S NEW LEADER'S WELCOME TOUR.

Excepting the corps that are situated within the Polar Circle, and which are to be visited in June, Colonel Ogrim has already conducted rousing meetings in every Division of his large Territory. Everywhere he has been enthusiastically welcomed.

Last week the western towns of Norway had their turn, Sunday being spent at Bergen.

The large hall was crowded at every meeting, and in the afternoon a most appreciative audience included representatives of every walk of life in the city.

During the day there were fifty-three surrenders at the penitent form, thirty of these being for salvation.

OPENINGS IN JAPAN.

A large new hall having been secured in the important city of Nagoya, there is now every prospect of a good corps being formed there in the near future.

A new hall will also be opened this month at Sendai, and a small Cheap Food Depot has been established in Tokio as an experiment.

The Men's Students' Home in the capital, which was established while Commissioner Railton was in Japan, is proving very successful, and a number of students have already been converted and enrolled as soldiers.

A suitable house, with accommodation for twenty-seven women students, has now been opened in Tokio under very promising circumstances. Several young women have already taken up their residence there, and within the next few weeks it is confidently expected that the Home will be filled.

THE ARMY'S ACTIVITIES DURING THE FAMINE IN JAPAN.

Our Rescue Work in connection with the famine in the north of Japan has been a most gratifying success.

By taking charge of girls who would otherwise, under stress of privation, have been sold for evil purposes, and by procuring good situations for them, our officers have done an incalculable amount of good.

Within a short period fifty-two young women whose ages range from fourteen to twenty-four, have been brought to Tokio from the famine district and placed in situations in the capital.

Twenty-four boys, between ten and thirteen years of age, who were either orphans or absolutely destitute, have also been dealt with in a similar way.

This action on the part of the Army has stirred up the authorities, who have practically stopped the migration of girls from the famine districts for immoral purposes.

No movement since the great social agitation some years ago has aroused so much public interest in Japan, and there is little doubt but that the results have enhanced our reputation as leaders in practical philanthropic work.



THE NEW SOVEREIGN OF NORWAY.

The new Queen of Norway is said to be one of the most admirable of women, with a love of real simplicity, and a great sense of economy. Some of her people, proud of her character and influence, have published her rules for the governance of her young son, who may be Olaf of Norway if he succeeds his father. These rules are:

"A little boy cannot get along well unless he does well. How shall a little boy do well? He must get up early in the morning, just as the farmers do, because idle in bed is idle in work."

"He must always keep himself clean in body and face, for when one is unclean in body it soon makes his mind unclean."

"He must speak clean words, but he cannot speak clean words unless he has clean thoughts."

"He should respect his father and mother, and if he does he will obey them."

"He ought never to neglect his church or his Sunday School, for the good they do him and others, if he remembers all these things, he will be tender, brave and faithful."

It is well known that when King Haakon VII. was only a prince, the family was quite poor, and the Queen did most of her housework. When asked about this, she replied:

"I did, and I am quite proud of it. I think it as much my place to work as it is my husband's."

"I would be quite ashamed of him, even if he were a very wealthy man, if he were not always doing something useful, something that helped not only our home, but others. And if I am proud of him because he has never idled, I wish to have him proud of me because I can perform any duty of the home. I like to sew, cook, have the care of the home, and see that all that surrounds my husband in his home is to his comfort. I do not believe an idle woman has any real place in this world. She will do more harm than good. God intended in His plan of the world that everyone should work, and what I can do I strive to do my best. If I had a dozen daughters, or sons, they should never come up in idleness, no matter what our station might be. They should learn useful things, to help our work. It would be a wonderful world if everyone worked with a useful purpose."

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

The German Government has seriously taken this matter in hand, as smoking is practised by the youth of that country, so that it has been considered to have damaged their constitutions and incapacitated them for the defence of their country. In certain towns in Germany the police have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offence by fine and imprisonment. Moreover, a Belgian physician has found, during a journey of observation and inquiry, made at the request of the Belgian Government, that the too general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness, an affection which is occasioning increasing anxiety, both in Belgium and Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also upon military efficiency.—Ex.

DO YOU KNOW—

That in the last thirty years, in Europe, 7,300,000 people have fallen into drunkards' graves?

That as a light to illumine a boy's path to the school door, a cigarette smokes electricity?

That in Denmark, one out of every seven men who died between the ages of 33 and 55 is a victim of alcoholism?

That the saloon is a school of crime; that it teaches men to violate the commandments of God; that it dedes the law of man, that it is essentially lawless; that a respectable saloon is about as sensible an expression as a respectable infamy?—Ex.

PRINCESS ENA'S WEDDING CAKE.

Princess Ena's Wedding cake was dispatched from England to Madrid. The royal wedding cake is made in three tiers, the total weight being 336 pounds. The bottom tier, which is about thirty-six inches in diameter, is divided into eight panels, which are separated by Corinthian columns, surmounted by small cupids in various dignities (messengers, angels, etc.). Special artists, decorative and culinary, were employed on this cake.

The superstructure is crowned with a beautiful group of children supporting a vase in white parian, containing a magnificent bouquet, from which depended four very long trails of flowers of orange blossoms, white heather, myrtle, and roses, reaching

to the lowest tier of the cake. The large silver salver on which the bride-cake stood is the property of Princess Henry of Battenburg, and was used for a similar purpose on the occasion of her Royal Highness' own wedding. The cake-knife, which is of silver-gilt and beautifully chased, is two feet in length, the handle being a solid tusk of African ivory.

Let It Pass



Be not swift to take offence,

Let it pass, let it pass!

Anger is a foe to sense,

Let it pass, let it pass!

Broad not darkly over a wrong,

Which will disappear ere long;

Rather sing this cheery song,

Let it pass, let it pass!

Let it pass, let it pass!

Better to be wronged than wrong;

Oh, let it pass, let it pass!

Keep your eyes on Jesus,

Oh, let it pass, let it pass!

Keep your eyes on Jesus,

Oh, let it pass, let it pass!

March along and let it pass!

If for good you suffer ill,

Let it pass, let it pass!

Oh, be kind and gentle still,

Let it pass, let it pass!

Time at last makes all things straight;

Let us not re-quit, but wait,

And our triumph shall be great;

Let it pass, let it pass!



Jack Tars Taking Flour on Board a Warship.

I have a fish-hatchery at Inishannon, in Ireland, which is fed by springs issuing from a steep hill a hundred yards away. Mr. J. Stenning, who has charge of the hatchery and stock ponds, noticed one afternoon that the flow from the springs had fallen off by one-half. Such a reduction endangered his charge, and, occurring at a moment's notice, seemed quite outside nature's laws. About three hours later the flow was again as normal. From the newspapers the day following he learned of the earthquake in Calabria. The late Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, who was a regular visitor to Karlsbad, told me that a previous eruption of Versuvius greatly reduced the yield of the Karlsbad springs. It would be interesting to know whether any such phenomena was observed this month at Karlsbad. Again, in the case of the Mont Pelee disaster observers of that eruption were unanimous that the poisonous fumes which overwhelmed the town were those of half-burned petroleum. Now, the great oil geyser of Spindale Top, in Texas, had, up to that time, been flowing at a tremendous pressure, and after Mont Pelee there was a subsidence of yield quite without parallel in the history of the oil fields. A quarter of a century before Spindale Top was discovered the oils, probably from this field, were observed to escape at certain spots in the ocean, and to saturate the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Coasting vessels in the stress of weather had long used these oil zones as harbors of refuge. Is it conceivable that Mont Pelee may have exploded the Texas hydrocarbons?—Letter of Moreton Frewen, in the Spectator.

A QUAINI RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

Three ounces are necessary, first of patience.

Then of repose and peace; of conscience

A pound entire is useful;

Of pastimes of all sorts, too.

Should be gathered as such as the hand can hold;

Of pleasant memory and of hope three good drachms

There must be at least. But they should moistened

With liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice

In the heart.

Then of love's magic drops a few—

But use them sparingly; for they may bring a flame

Which naught but tears can drown—

Grind the whole and mix therewith of inerrant an

ounce.

To even. Yet all this may not bring happiness

Except in your visions you lift your voice

To Him Who holds the gift of health.

Written by Margaret Navarre in 1500.

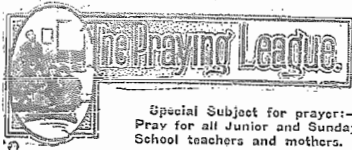
ALCOHOL AND FITNESS.

Alcohol is an insidious poison, in that it produces effects which seem to have but one antidote—alcohol again. This applies to another drug equally insidious, and that is morphine, or opium.

No man dreams of going into training and taking but a minimum of alcohol. If he must reach the acme of physical perfection, it must be without alcohol.

As a work producer, alcohol is exceedingly extravagant, and like other extravagant measures it is apt to lead to a physical bankruptcy. It is well known that troops cannot march on alcohol. I was with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith. It was an extremely trying time apart from the heat of the weather. In that column of some 30,000 men, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men—but the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs.

There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be "fit." A young man cannot be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can he want it. No one who is young and healthy can want alcohol any more than he can want strychnine.—Sir Frederick Treves (the King's Surgeon).



Special Subject for prayer:
Prayer for all Junior and Sunday
School teachers and mothers.

Sunday, June 17.—Who is My Neighbor?—Luke x. 1-37.
Monday, June 18.—Lesson on Prayer.—Luke x. 1-39: xii. 13-15.
Tuesday, June 19.—Be Ready.—Luke xii. 16-40.
Wednesday, June 20.—Stick to Your Post.—Luke xii. 41-55.
Thursday, June 21.—Sabbath Question.—Luke xiii. 1-17.
Friday, June 22.—Self Destroyed.—Luke xiii. 22-35.
Saturday, June 23.—Least Approved by Christ.—Luke xiv. 1-15.

INTERCESSION.

One flower blooms only for God's eye—
Our secret prayer!
We seek the Father in sweet solitude,
And find Him there.

There is a room whose door we close
To meet the Lord,
A chamber, promise hung, where He makes good
His golden word.

"Not to be seen of men!" But One
Falls not to see!
In secret prayer He gives us gifts for men—
Rich gifts and true.

Our intercession, strong, sustained,
Is faith's full flower!
The Father breathes on those for whom we pray
His Spirit's power.
—By Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

MAKE TIME

To breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and to use you to His glory during the day.

To read a few verses from God's Word each morning.

To be pleasant—a bright smile and pleasant word will fall like sunshine upon the hearts of those about you.

To be polite—a gentle "Thank you," "If you please," or "Excuse me," is no compromise of dignity.

To be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open a way for good influence over almost any child.

To be thoughtful about the aged. Respect grey hairs, even if the crown the head of a beggar.

To choose your associates with care. There are other and higher things than outward appearance to be considered in the selection of an intimate friend.

To reflect before saying the word or writing the letter that will wound the feelings of another.

For the little courtesies of life. Be not so wrapped up in contemplation of great things that the small duties are left unnoticed and undone.

To end the day with prayer, thanking God for His mercy and committing yourself to His keeping for the night.

Above all, to be a man or woman of God; do not spend the best years of your life in the service of self, and then offer God, at last, a worthless old age.

Jack-in-the-Box Religion.

By Walter Scott, Brantford.

We often hear the expression from some professing Christians, "It makes me so mad." The words uttered with such sarcastic vehemence that it immediately convinces the hearer that such an exhibition of impatience is not an emblem of divine grace, and it renders invaluable service to his Satanic Majesty in the manufacture of backsliders, and in keeping thousands of sinners out of the Kingdom of grace.

There are also a great many that are too pious, or too sanctimonious to black their boots on Sunday, but they will waste into cesspools of iniquity on Monday, and paint

their neighbor's character as black as the ace of spades, and otherwise give the devil a matinee benefit. That kind of religion emanates from the pit, and terminates fatally, for it is written in the Bible, "The wages of sin is death." Moreover, St. James says, "If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain." Now, the Scripture tells us that "tribulation worketh patience," but tribulation worketh impatience with a great many people, and that eminent authority, Dr. Daniel Steele, declares that pride is the mother of impatience—pride of life, pride of position, pride of reputation, pride in any form whatever. It will develop into uncontrollable and hysterical tempers if it is not entirely annihilated.

Furthermore, the Scripture tells us that the proud in heart is an abomination unto the Lord (a stench in His nostrils). It also informs us of an infallible cure for all evil propensities of the old Adamic nature, and assures us for this purpose that "the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil," root and branch, leaf and stem, fruit and flower, and "establish our heart unblamable and unreprieveable in His sight."

A professing Christian got violently mad at me once, over a trivial affair, and she seized me with both hands and shook me like a ferocious dog does a rat. But there is a vast multitude of professing Christians of every denomination, whose besetting sin is an irritable and an abominable temper, and when anything crosses their path, up pops Jack-in-the-box and puts them out of all harmony with God and man, and instead of being an example of the believers (as we are divinely commanded) they exhibit to the world nothing but

A Caricature of the Salvation of Jesus Christ.

The great Apostle says, "Unto whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey."

It is next to impossible for an unsanctified soul to fulfil the royal mandate of St. Peter, "He that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile." But if the heart is sanctified by the Holy Ghost, divine love will guard the door of the lips so that the conversation will be holy and as becometh the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I remember when Jack was an abiding guest in my heart, and he acted as boss over the gun powder magazine department, but through his over-zealousness to please self and getting so mad, a disastrous catastrophe was narrowly averted, but when I got sanctified the blessed Lord broke the neck of that devil in me and consigned him to the nethermost hell, and branded him as a dangerous scorpion, and I handed myself over (spirit, soul, and body) to the controlling power of a company of heaven (Father, Son, and Holy Ghost) and ever since then (now some years) there has been none of the vermin of hell crawling about my heart to mar my peace with God, and the joy of the Lord has been continually bubbling up within me.

Like an Artesian Well.

springing up unto everlasting glory, and I have had unbroken fellowship with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ, Who was "manifested to take away our sin, and in Him there is no sin."

Now, dear comrades, if you have a Jack-in-the-box religion, I beseech you to discharge Jack immediately, before he causes you any further trouble, for he is a traitor to the cause of Jesus Christ and to humanity; but before giving him the grand bounce, I would suggest that you read to him the riot act of heaven, contained in the words of our blessed Lord and Master, "Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," and also the Magna Charta of the Salvation Army, to be found in 1 Corinthians i. 2: "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

Perfect Peace.

"What shall I sing?" he asked as he turned to leave the room.

"Oh, sing, 'Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace,'" she replied, "for I am singing it in my heart all the time!"

Do you think that the speaker was one who did not know what trouble or pain meant? Listen, and I will tell you her story. Mrs. Wilkinson was a servant of Christ; not only saved, but sanctified to do the will of God, and she had much success in her work, especially amongst younger people. One day she set out with her husband to take special meetings in a distant town; but a sad accident occurred. The train was thrown down an embankment and many persons killed and injured. As soon as they were released from the broken carriage, Mrs. Wilkinson remarked to her husband that this was just an opportunity to consecrate themselves to the service of God afresh, and kneeling down they asked the Lord to take and use them in His service. Then they arose and went to join those who were seeking to rescue the unfortunate passengers. For hours they went from one to another, bearing water to the wounded, cheering them by kindly words and actions, or soothing the last hours of the dying. Taking messages to friends, and pointing the sufferers to the Saviour. At last Mrs. Wilkinson was unable to go on. The doctor ordered her to be conveyed home, and when her own physician examined her he found that she was suffering from severe internal injuries. Her spine was so injured that for twelve weary months she had to lie stretched on her bed without even a pillow under her head, and yet when a Christian friend called to see her on his way to a meeting he found her "delighting herself in the abundance of peace." He could not stay long enough to sing her the song she asked for, but said that he sang it all the way down the stairs, and could hear her feeble voice joining in!

This is no made-up story, but a plain statement of what the grace of God can do. No doubt she often longed to work in the home, or the meetings, as before, but God kept her in the trial, and brought her out well and strong, to shine for Him more brightly than ever.

Are you laid aside, perhaps? As you read the accounts of the war, do you feel that you are able to do nothing? Rather think that God is selecting you for special service and giving you a text to preach from, which He cannot entrust to all—"My grace is sufficient for thee." Not only so, but you may come out of the furnace fitted for the holy office of comforter, able to "comfort others with the comfort wherewith you yourself were comforted of God." Able to say to the sufferer, "I know, for I have been down there myself."

"Ask God to give you skill in comfort's art, For heavy is the weight of woe in many a heart;

And comforters are needed much,
Of Christ-like touch."

—E. Walsh, Lieut.

THE FIFTH GOSPEL.

There are four written Gospels; the fifth is writing now. The world may forget the four, and the leaves of the book may never be turned; but the fifth Gospel men are sure to read. That fifth Gospel is your "Life of Christ"—that is, your life in Christ. Men may forget Christ, they never forget the Christian. Christ lives in heaven and on earth. The world's dull eyes have never gazed upon His heavenly glory, but they are looking eagerly for Him on earth. Christ in men is the most powerful preaching. The world has had many lives of Christ; each Christian is writing his own, either revealing or veiling Christ.—Selected.

Some of the most divine lives are hid away in the humblest homes.



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EDITORIAL

Your Call. There is a deal of foolish haggling about "the call," which pays the enemy well, and as a result one frequently hears the wailing tones of bitter regret and confession—acknowledged, alas! too late to be of any practical service to the Kingdom of God.

In this connection we re-print the powerful words spoken years ago by Mrs. General Booth:—

"You are called by the Spirit to this work. Obey the call—do it! Never mind if it chokes you—do it! God will stand between you and the consequences. If He permits you to suffer, never mind; obey the voice of the Spirit. There would have been thousands of souls saved if all those who have had these urgings had obeyed them. Where do these urgings come from? Do they come from the devil? Satan would then be divided against himself. Is it the Spirit of the living God that is urging you to come out and seek and save the lost? Will you obey these urgings? Will you give up your likes and dislikes and obey? If you will, then He will come to you more and more, till, like David, you will feel the interests of His Kingdom to be more to you than meat or drink, than silver or gold. You will become like Him who said, 'The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up.'"

The Ideal Life. No man ever had so as **Set Forth** by wide a perspective as **Jesus Christ.** Jesus Christ. He was from eternity to eternity.

He, therefore, above all others, is the authority par excellence, capable of setting forth the highest ideal of life, and wise indeed is the young man and young woman who shapes his or her career accordingly. Amongst those whom Jesus called from lucrative occupations to deny self, take up the cross, and become fishers of men were Luke, the physician; Paul, the theologian; Zenas, the lawyer; Apollous, the master of eloquence, and the rich young ruler, besides the fishermen, tax-gatherer, peasant, and farmer.

So to-day there is a place and work for all, high and low, educated and uneducated. In God's school the one essential is a willing obedience, of which faith is the natural outcome.

The Chief Secretary's Notes.

I spent last Sunday at Picton. It is a pleasant town on the Bay of Quinte, and its spring garb looks beautiful. Shade trees are everywhere, maple and chestnut; a feeling of contentment and affluence pervades the atmosphere. The meeting was not everything that could be desired, still it was blessed—the Holy Spirit gave us liberty. The soldiers are anxious concerning their new hall.

A sail of four and a quarter hours across the bay brought us to Kingston. Canadians need not go to the Mediterranean or the southern hemisphere for scenery; they have it on hand in great quantities. That journey was delightful in every way—placid water, sunshine, and foliage-covered banks on either side. Mrs. Kyle accompanied me on the trip.

Kingston, as seen from the bay, is very

The Commissioner Visits an Old Battle-Ground---Stratford.

Two Great Meetings in the Opera House, Which Holds 1,400 People—Mayor Ferguson Presided Over an Influential Gathering in the Afternoon, Supported by the Council, the American Consul, and Other Public Gentlemen—"Shadows of the Cross" at Night—Two for Salvation and Twenty for Consecration.

It was a very happy party which traveled to Stratford on Saturday afternoon, consisting of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Major Morris, Adj. Arnold, Capt. Maddall, Mr. Harry Coombs and the writer. A musical festival had been arranged for, which was to be held in the citadel. A good crowd gathered. They were specially pleased with the "Old Time Religion," rendered by the male quartet, the corner duet by Major Morris and Capt. Maddall, and the violin solo by Adj. Arnold. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire was the chairman, while Mr. Harry Coombs presided at the piano.

At 9.50 p.m. the band and corps marched to the station to meet the Commissioner, where they gave him a magnificent welcome.

Stratford is growing rapidly. We were informed that during the last year about one thousand new houses had been put up, and for the present season new blocks are being erected. The population now is nearly 15,000. Under the present officers, Adj. and Mrs. Bloss, the corps is rising. There is a marked improvement in the band. The property has been much improved; the junior hall has been enlarged and newly painted, and so on.

A splendid crowd gathered at the helms meeting in the citadel. The Commissioner was anything but well, yet he waded in, taking as a base for his remarks, "Will a man rob God?" A wonderful prayer meeting followed. A number came with their offering and yielded themselves fully to God.

The afternoon meeting was held in the Opera House, a splendid new building, capable of accommodating 1,400 people. Its acoustic properties are excellent. His Wor-

ship Mayor Ferguson, a hearty friend of the Army presided. In introducing our leader he very warmly eulogized our work, and on the Commissioner rising to his feet he was received in a whole-hearted fashion. He had an abundance of liberty. He spoke of the Army's birth and growth and of its power and influence in the world to-day.

Colonel Seyfert, the American Consul, said he was delighted to be present, it being the first time he had ever been on a Salvation Army platform. He fully endorsed our methods and work, as did ex-Alderman Welsh.

The meeting cannot fail to accomplish a great deal of good. Many prejudices were removed, and as a consequence the Army will be better understood.

A huge crowd were present at night, the large building being practically filled. A wonderful influence fell upon the audience while the Commissioner spoke of Jesus, His sufferings and dying for sinful men. The pictures themselves appealed powerfully to the consciences of men and women. The building, owing to the large crowd, got unbearably hot, which interfered somewhat with the after-meeting. Still the arm of the Lord was made bare.

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave and Adj. and Mrs. Bloss, with the soldiers and friends, were more than delighted with the visit.

The Commissioner was well looked after by the Misses Hyde; Colonel Gaskin and the writer by Mr. and Mrs. Farrow; Major Morris and Mr. Harry Coombs by Mr. and Mrs. Sink; Adj. Arnold and Capt. Maddall by Mr. and Mrs. Brett;—Lieut. Colonel Pugmire.

pretty. The Asylum and Penitentiary appear quite imposing, being built of white stone. Adj. Sims met us at the boat, and was the essence of kindness. The meetings were very good and enjoyable.

A visit to the Penitentiary on Sunday afternoon was arranged by the Prison Work Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, through the kindness of the Chaplain, Dr. Cooke. It was a significant meeting, a blending of the Church of England and the Army. The doctor conducted Church of England Evensong Prayers, Adj. Sims and myself reading the lessons—at a convenient place in the formal service. Bandmaster Christmas and Captain Hurd sang solos, and I gave an address. It was very evident, that the men appreciated the Army's interest in them very highly.

News came last week concerning the illness of Adjts. Thompson and Cooper and Ensign Cornish, all of the Eastern Province. The former and latter are suffering with a heart affection, while Adj. Cooper is threatened with appendicitis. We sincerely pray that they may be speedily restored to health again. It is a serious matter, so many prominent officers hors-de-combat in one Province.

The D. O. of the New Ontario Division is also incapacitated. Brigadier Collier has not been very well for some time past; now he feels compelled to go on rest. It is arranged for him to have a furlough from the 1st of July.

A new thing is being tried this year in connection with the furloughing of Territorial Headquarters Officers. Instead of the furloughs being distributed throughout the whole summer, Headquarters will be practically closed for two weeks, from July 14th to 30th. Only a very small staff will be left to attend, with the Commissioner, to necessary business.

If all comrades will kindly rush in to Headquarters all matters needing attention, the week before the above date it will facilitate the arrangements. Of course, the War Cry Staff, Printing and Trading Staff will remain, at least sufficient to give careful attention to current business.

The Camp Meetings at Dufferin Grove will be full of interest this year. There are rumors of a considerable number of dwellers in tents, and the program is extensive. It should influence that end of Toronto at least, and be the means of much blessing.

Mr. F. W. Hodson, representative of the Foresters in connection with the joint settlement scheme, left last week for Winnipeg and Tisdale. He has gone to make final arrangements for the reception of the first twenty-five families, who will arrive in Canada at the end of the month, on the Kensington. The houses are in course of erection, the land will be ploughed, and these home-seekers given a substantial start in their new lives.

It will be pleasing to all to know that the Commissioner is much better, and working as hard as ever at the helm of affairs. Mrs. Coombs gives time every day at Headquarters to the direction of the Women's Work. There is no slack tension at the Centre, but a disposition on every hand to push the war all along the line.

The effect of the summer sun upon people who have been subject to winter frost and the snow-bound earth is remarkable—it is to give them new life. Canadians make the most of summer, as it passes along so quickly. We ought to keep soul-saving to the front. People die in summer as well as winter, and it is quite certain that Jesus is ready to save equally in every season of the year. Let us keep before us the real purpose of our lives.

WHO CARES?

A VISION

By THE GENERAL.

THERE rises to my view a vision which came to my soul some time ago when musing, and which I cannot refrain from telling you.

I thought I saw a dark and stormy ocean. Over it the black clouds hung heavily, through which every now and then loud thunders rolled, and vivid lightnings flashed, and the winds moaned, and the waves rose and foamed and fretted and broke, and rose to foam and fret and break again.

In that ocean I thought I saw myriads of poor human beings plunging and floating and shouting and shrieking and cursing, and struggling and drowning, and as they cursed and shrieked, they rose and shrieked again, then sank to rise no more.

And out of a dark, angry ocean I saw a mighty rock rise up above the black clouds that overhung the stormy sea; and all around the base of this rock I saw a vast platform; and up on this platform I saw with delight a number of the poor struggling drowning wretches continually climbing out of the angry ocean, and I saw that a number of those who were already safe on the platform helped these to reach the same place of safety.

On looking more particularly, I found a number of those who had been rescued, scheming and contriving by ladders and ropes and boats to deliver the poor strugglers out of this sea. Here and there were some who actually jumped in, regardless of all consequences, in their eagerness to save, and I hardly know which gladdened me most—the seeing of the poor people climb the rocks and reach the place of safety, or the devotion and self-sacrifice of those who only seemed to live to save them.

And as I looked I saw that the occupants of that platform were quite a mixed company. That is, they divided themselves into different sets, and were employed in quite different ways; but there were only a very few, comparatively, who seemed to make a business of getting the people out of the sea.

Unconcerned.

What puzzled me very much about the former was to observe that, though all had been rescued at one time or another from the ocean, nearly everyone seemed to have forgotten all about it. Anyway, the memory of its darkness and danger no longer afflicted them; and what was equally strange and perplexing to me was that these people did not seem to have any care—that is, any agonizing care—about the poor, perishing ones who were struggling and drowning close by, many of whom were their own husbands and wives and mothers and sisters and children.

And this unconcern could not have been because they were ignorant of what was going on, because they lived right in sight of it all, and talked about it sometimes and regularly went to hear lectures which described the awful state of things.

I have already said that the occupants of this platform were engaged in different pursuits.

Some were absorbed night and day in trading, in order to make gain and store up their savings in boxes, and by other means.

Many spent their time in amusing them-

selves with growing flowers on the side of the rock; others in painting pieces of cloth, or in performing music, or in dressing themselves up in different ways and walking about to be admired.

Some occupied themselves very much in eating and drinking, and others were greatly taken up with arguing about the poor drowning creatures in the sea and what would become of them, or in going through rounds of curious religious ceremonies.

Some found a passage up the rock leading to a higher platform still, which was fairly above the black clouds that overhung the ocean, and from which they had a good view of the mainland, which was not very far

wished there had been a multitude of them!—were still

Struggling with Their Rescue Work.

Indeed, they seemed to do little else but fret and cry and toil and scheme for the perishing people. They gave themselves no rest, and sadly bothered everybody they could get at around them. In fact, they came to be voted a real nuisance by many quite benevolent and kind-hearted people, and many who were very religious, too. But still they went on, spending all they had and all they could get, in boats and rafts and drags and ropes, and every other imaginable thing they could invent for saving the poor, wretched, drowning people.

A few others did much the same at times, working in their way, but these people who attracted my attention made such a terrible business of it, and went at it with such fierceness and fury that many even of those who

were doing the same kind of thing were quite angry with them, and called them mad.

And then I saw something more wonderful still. I thought that the miseries and agonies and perils and blasphemies of these poor struggling people in this dark sea moved the pity of the great God in heaven; moved it so much that He sent a Great Being to deliver them. And I thought that this Great Being whom Jehovah sent came straight from His palace, right through the black clouds, and leaped right into the raging sea among the drowning, sinking people, and there I saw Him toiling to rescue them, with tears and cries, until the sweat of His great anguish ran down in blood. And as He toiled and embraced the poor wretches and tried to lift them on to the rock, He cried out continually to those already rescued—to those whom He had helped up with His own bleeding hands—to come and help Him in the painful and laborious task.

And what seemed to me most passing strange was that those on the platform

To Whom He Called,

who heard His voice and felt they ought to obey it—at least, they said they did—those who loved Him much and were in full sympathy with Him in the task He had undertaken—who worshipped Him, or professed to do—I saw that these were so taken up with their trades and professions and money-saving and pleasure and families and circles and religion and arguments about it, and preparations for going to the mainland, that they did not attend to the cry that came to them from Him out of the ocean. If they heard it they did not heed it. They did not care, and so the multitude went on struggling and shrieking and drowning in their darkness and anguish.

And then I thought I saw something that seemed to me the strangest of all that I saw in this strange vision. I saw that some of these people on the platform whom this wonderful Being wanted to come and help Him, heedless of His cries to them, were always praying and crying to Him to come to them.

Some wanted Him to come and stay with them and spend His time and strength in making them happier.

Others wanted Him to come and take away various doubts and misgivings they had respecting the truth of some letters which He had written them.

Some wanted Him to come and make them

(Continued on page 10.)

A Twentieth - Century Call

FOR

"FISHERS OF MEN."

Candidates are Wanted!

THE NEXT SESSION of the Training College in Toronto will commence about the beginning of August.

At least 100 consecrated men and women will be required to train for officership.

The session will last for six months.

The course of study is both theoretical and practical, its object being to teach and train Candidates in the matchless art of saving the souls of men.

"HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE."

This system of training is unique!

Those who wish to enter must apply at once.

The opportunity presented is unequalled.

Ordinary business and money-making pursuits are as nothing compared with the work of saving souls from hell, thereby vindicating the honor and glory of Jesus Christ on earth.

Over the triple doorway of a celebrated European cathedral are these significant words:

Over the first arch is a wreath, and underneath it: "All that which pleases is but for a moment."

Above the arch, on the other side: "All that which troubles is but for a moment."

Over the great central arch: "That only is important which is eternal."

Soul-saving is important, because it is eternal.

What are you living for?

Think and pray about this opportunity, then write particulars to the Provincial Officer, at the Provincial Headquarters, the officer of the corps where you reside, or to

COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

Albert Street, Toronto.

away, and to which they expected to be taken off at some distant day. Here they passed their time in pleasant thoughts, congratulating themselves and each other on their good luck in being rescued from the stormy deep, and singing songs about the happiness they were to enjoy when they should be taken to the mainland that they imagined they could see just "over there."

And all this time the struggling, shrieking multitudes were floating about in the dark sea, quite near by—quite near enough to have been pulled out; instead of which there they were, right in full view, perishing, not only one by one, but sinking down in shoals, every day, in the dark and angry sea.

And as I looked, I found that the handful whom I had observed before—O God! how I

Who Cares?—A Vision.

(Continued from page 9.)

feel more secure on the rock—so secure that they would be quite sure they should never slip off again; while numbers of others wanted Him to make them feel quite certain that they would really get on to the mainland some day, because, as a matter of fact, it was well known that some had walked so carelessly as to miss their footing, and had got back into the stormy waters.

So these people used to meet and get as high up the rock as they could, and looking towards the mainland, where they thought the Great Being was, they would cry out, "Come to us! Come and help us!" And all the time He was down among the poor, struggling, drowning creatures in the angry deep, with His arms around them, trying to drag them out, and looking up—oh, so lovingly, but all in vain—to those on the rock, crying to them with his voice all hoarse with calling, "Come to Me! Come and help Me!"

And then I understood it all. It was all plain enough. That sea was the ocean of life—the sea of real, actual, human existence. That lightning was the gleaming of piercing truth coming from Jehovah's throne. That thunder was the distant echoing of the wrath of God. Those multitudes of people shrieking, struggling, agonizing in the stormy sea, were the thousands and thousands and thousands of poor harlots and harlot-makers, of drunkards and drunkard-makers, of thieves and liars, and blasphemers and ungodly people of every kindred and nation and tongue.

Oh, what a black sea is there! and, oh, what multitudes of rich and poor, ignorant and educated, and yet all alike in one thing—all sinners before God, held by, and holding on to, some iniquity, fascinated by some idol, the slave to some devilish lust, and ruled by some fiend from the bottomless pit!

"All alike in one thing?" Nay, in two things—not only the same in their wickedness, but unless rescued, alike in their sinking, sinking, sinking, down, down, down to the same hell.

And that great sheltering rock was Calvary, and the people on it were those who had been rescued, and the way they employed their energies and gifts and time set forth the occupations of those who profess to be rescued from sin and hell, and to be the servants of God. And the handful of mere, determined saviours were Salvation Soldiers, and a few others who shared the same spirit. And that mighty Being was the Son of God, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," who is still struggling to save the dying multitudes about us from the terrible doom of damnation, and whose voice can be heard above the music and machinery and hue-and-dry of life, calling on the rescued to come and help Him to save the world.

My comrades, you are rescued from the waters; you are on the rock. He is in the dark sea, calling on you to come to Him and help Him. Will you go?

Look for yourselves. The surging sea of perishing souls rolls up to the very spot on which you stand. This is no vision or imagination I speak of now. It is as real as the Bible; as real as the Christ Who hung upon the cross; as real as the Judgment Day will be, and as real as the Heaven and Hell that will follow it.

Look! Don't be deluded by appearances—men and things are not what they seem. My vision was only a fiction, but the reality is far more harrowing than any fiction can possibly be. All who are not on the rock are in the sea. Look at them from the standpoint of the Great White Throne, and what a sight you have! That is matter of fact enough, and it is also matter of fact that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is in the midst of this dying multitude, struggling to save them. And it is also matter of fact that He is calling on you to jump into the sea—to go right away to His side and help Him in the struggle.

Will you jump? That is, my comrades, will you go to His feet, and place yourself absolutely at His disposal?

PERSONALIA.

A sad accident at Midland removed Bro. William Dyker from earth to heaven on June 1st. Our comrade was employed as a carpenter on the new G.T.R. elevator at that place. Whilst at work he accidentally stepped into the shaft where the supplies were hoisted from below, and fell a distance of eighty-five or ninety feet, being killed instantly. "Fourteen years ago," writes Brigadier Collier, "he was stationed under me as an officer in the old Barrie Division. His wife was Capt. Ida Gardiner. She is left with three children, ages ten and eight years and a baby of six months. Ensign Hoddinott conducted the funeral service at Midland, which a thousand people attended. Comrades old and new will remember the widow in their supplications.

It is pleasing to notice the congratulations which the German War Cry showers upon Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, on the fluent way in which he has returned to his mother tongue after twenty years' sojourn in the land of his adoption.

Capt. and Mrs. F. Wadge, last stationed at Bracebridge, are rejoicing over the advent of a little son, recently born at Toronto.

Whilst the Temple Band were meeting with good success at Peterboro, the Temple corps had a lovely soul-saving week-end, with Mrs. Ensign McElheney and Capt. McFetrick at the helm. Six on Saturday night and six on Sunday are recorded—and good cases, too.

Adj. and Mrs. Cameron have said goodbye to the Kingston Corps and District, and been appointed to the command of St. John's I. Nidd. Adj. and Mrs. Sims are replacing them at the former important position.

Lord Charles Bessford attended the funeral of Leaguer Sidney Hooker, who was buried at Malta with naval honors. Leaguer Hooker met his death through the bursting of a cylinder on H.M.S. "Prince of Wales."

A solo book was lost at Victoria Park on the 24th ult., bearing the name of Lorrie Richards. The finder will greatly rejoice the Cadet of that name, at the Training College, by forwarding the same.

The Chief Secretary is leaving Headquarters this week on a flying visit to Halifax and St. John, on property matters, which will greatly facilitate the advance of the Women's Social operations in the Maritime Provinces. The C. S. is a very busy man, and gets over the ground with astonishing rapidity. The Editor secured a promise of an article from his pen, to be written during his forty-eight-hour rail journey, for our next issue.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle.
Visit Pictou and Kingston.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle, accompanied by Staff-Capt. Moore, visited Pictou and Kingston last week. At the former town a Friday night meeting was held. It was a warm night and the hall was not quite full. A good meeting, however, resulted in one soul.

Saturday and Sunday were spent at Kingston, an historic Army battleground. The crowds and collections were doubled, and some splendid meetings were held. Staff-Capt. Moore, Adj. Sims, with Capt. Hurd and Wood, rendered excellent assistance throughout the day. The addresses of both the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle were much enjoyed, and they were urged to come again as soon as possible. There are some old-time fighters in this renowned corps.

In the afternoon the Penitentiary was visited. The C. S. addressed 400 men, while Capt. Hurd and Bandmaster Christmas sang most acceptably. Adj. Sims read the Bible lesson for the day in the ordinary service. The visit was greatly appreciated.

Showers of Blessing at Galt.

Salvation—Sanctification—Immigration—
Fourteen Souls for the Week-End.

Brigadier and Mrs. Howell, assisted by Capt. DeBow and Adj. Owen, conducted the week-end meetings at "the Manchester of Canada" with most blessed results. The heart-stirring talks of the Brigadier and his good wife were an inspiration to all.

The Brigadier's talk on immigration was listened to with deep interest, and was an eye-opener to many.

Capt. DeBow's manipulation of the piano, and his sweet Gospel songs, were much appreciated.

But the best of all, we rejoiced in seeing fourteen souls at the mercy seat for sanctification and salvation.

Capt. Thompson and Gilbank are to be congratulated on the splendid condition of the corps. Glory be to God.—Landseer.

N. O. D. Anniversary Celebration.

Five days' anniversary campaign was the program which Brigadier Collier planned and successfully carried through to celebrate the completion of his first year's work in the New Ontario Division. Orillia, Divisional Headquarters, was the favored centre, and into it poured some twenty-five officers from the nearest corps for a series of public meetings and officers' councils.

The public interest aroused will be best portrayed by the following report published in the Orillia News-Letter:—

A Successful Year.

Another phenomenally successful year in the work of the Salvation Army throughout New Ontario was celebrated at the Divisional Headquarters in Orillia by a five days' campaign in the citadel on Coldwater St., opening on Saturday, and to be concluded this evening. At all the four meetings on Sunday there was a full turnout of soldiers from the local corps and the several outposts, and earnest addresses were delivered by the Divisional and local officers, and others. That the work has been abundantly blessed can be seen in the altered lives and exemplary conduct of many who were long "strangers to grace and to God," and also in the great success achieved in the various Rescue and Prison Work organizations. Perhaps in no one place more than Orillia have the fruits of the Army's work in reclaiming the sinner been more abundantly shown. Monday's meeting was a most inspiring one, and the visiting officers present all had encouraging reports to make of results accomplished and brilliant prospects for the future. Tuesday night's meeting was for officers only, and was a season of great spiritual refreshing and mutual help for all who were present. These meetings will culminate in a Self-Denial ingathering, when the results of the special collections throughout the Division will be thrown on canvas by a stereopticon machine. The results of the work in this flourishing Division are ample evidence of the indefatigable efforts of Brigadier and Mrs. Collier, aided by the clever Cashier and general factotum, Ensign Peacock, who is an all-round business man. Ensign and Mrs. Hoddinott of the local corps are also to be congratulated on the tremendous revival of energy recently displayed by the Orillia corps, so long dormant. A most interesting feature of the five days campaign was the excellent music rendered by the band of the local corps, whose fine instrumentation drew large crowds to the meetings and evoked much admiration. They are shortly to be augmented by six or seven more experienced musicians, and the time is not distant when the band of the Orillia corps will play second to none in this part of the Province. And the waters of Jordan may roll.

Good manners may be said to be the small change of Christian effort.—M. L. Haines.

WHAT THE VETERANS SAY.

The veterans, whose opinions we give here represent over two hundred years' service given to God for the salvation of souls. Surely their ripe experience should back the weight of their judgment.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

What would I do could I go back once more to the beginning of my career, and be assured that a long spell of vigorous life was before me? I would offer it up without a moment's hesitation on the altar of redeeming love. I would place myself at the feet of Jesus Christ, body, soul, and spirit, ready and willing literally, to live, suffer, fight and die for Him.—The General to his officers throughout the world.

THE WIDEST FIELD IN THE WORLD.

To begin with, the personal opportunity the work of the Army offers to any young man or woman should be considered. There is no work which affords such facilities for improving oneself and of widening the experience. Necessarily coming much in contact with men and things a great opportunity is offered of knowing human nature as it really is, which tends as nothing else can to broaden our views of life. Then the great chance there is of progress and development in spiritual things should certainly offer a great attraction to all who have set their affections on things above.

The opportunity of working for the good of humanity is also a mighty incentive to officership. For this the Army offers the widest field in the world, and in its ranks one may find great opportunities for the employment of every human faculty they may possess, and turn their energies to the work of taking hold of the minds and hearts of men and turning them Godwards.

Remember also the opportunity offered of glorifying God, of following in the footsteps of Christ, and of doing the work that lies nearest to the heart of every true servant of God, namely, saving the lost, caring for the sick, lifting the fallen, and doing that class of work that is more fraught with eternal issues.

than any other in the world. It is a work begun in time which reaches out into the eternities.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

UP AND AT IT FOR ALL YOU ARE WORTH.

The need for real consecrated men and women was never greater than it is to-day. The fields are white unto harvest, the laborers are few. Our opportunities as Salvation Army officers for saving men are far reaching. Burn every bridge behind you. Lay all you have at the feet of our dear Lord. Let Him cleanse you from every sinful, selfish thing and set you on fire for service. Then up and at it for all you are worth.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

NO OTHER VOCATION CAN COMPARE.

A Candidate for Salvation Army Officership will make a very great mistake in offering themselves unless they have fully made up their minds to make it a life vocation. They must be thoroughly prepared for a life of sacrifice, of devotion to the principles of the Army, as well as a whole-hearted submission to its discipline. Unless they are thus prepared, life for them in the Salvation Army will not be a happy one. If, on the other hand, they do accept such conditions their lives will be happy, and they will have no regrets for having taken the step.

There is certainly no vocation that can be compared to Army officership for the opportunities it offers of doing good, and living for the betterment of one's day and generation.

The Army offers such opportunities through its varied departments that almost anyone can find their proper sphere in life no matter what their capacities may be.—Brigadier Howell.

A GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY.

The broad platform of the Salvation Army—free from denominational and ceremonial restrictions—surely offers the young man or woman, whose spirit is afire with holy zeal to glorify God and save souls, a glorious opportunity to achieve that end.—Brigadier Southall.

UNBOUNDED SCOPE.

The opportunities offered by the Army are so many and so varied that anyone entering its work will find unbounded scope for the employment of every power and talent they may possess.—Brigadier Stewart.

WILL MAKE A MARK ON THE WORLD.

A person feeling called of God to give their service to Him as an officer cannot help but be a success in whatever line of work they may be placed by those who have the directing of affairs. Being assured, therefore, that they have the smile and grace of God, and maintaining that assurance to the end, no one entering the Salvation Army as an officer can fail to make a mark on the world.—Brigadier Horn.

THE NEED MAKES THE OPPORTUNITY.

If a young man is consecrated to God, and will adhere strictly to the principles of the Army, taking hold of his opportunities as they come with a holy, Christlike ambition, there is to my mind the greatest possible opportunity the world could afford for holy, happy, and useful service as an officer in the Salvation Army. The needs never were greater; as fields are opening constantly in all directions—and the need makes the opportunity. Like all other vocations, push and energy are indispensable qualifications, only in this case holiness of heart and life must be added to them.—Jno. Rawling, Major.

GEORGE FOX,

THE RED-HOT QUAKER.

Chapter XIV.—(Continued.)

For some days after his arrival he was seriously ill. During his illness, he says, he was treated with great kindness, but as soon as ever he was better he was put into an open room where the rain came in. Permission was given him to make it habitable at his own expense. No sooner was it rendered fairly comfortable than he was removed to another, which had neither fireplace nor glazed window, and into which, "it being to the seaside and lying much open, the wind drove the rain in forcibly so that the water came over the bed and ran about the room."

"When my clothes were wet," he writes, "I had no fire to dry them by, so my body was cold and my fingers swelled so that one was as big as two. Though I was at some charge for this room also, yet I could not keep out the wind and rain. Besides, they would suffer few friends to come and see me, and many times not any—not so much as to bring me a little food. I was forced for the first quarter to hire one of another society (or sect) to bring me necessities. Sometimes the soldiers would take it from her, and she would scuffle with them for it. Commonly, a

Threepenny Loaf Served Me Three Weeks and a little longer. Most of my drink was water that had wormwood steeped or bruised into it. Though they would not let friends come to see me, they would often bring others, either to gaze upon me or contend with me."

"It was an awful life he lived, and no wonder he calls himself 'a man buried alive.'"

The jail officers were continually threaten-

ing him with personal violence. They told him he was to be hanged over a wall, and so forth. But little they knew their man. The blood of the martyrs ran in his veins, and he told them if that was what they wanted, if God permitted it, he was ready; he never feared either death or suffering in his life, his conscience was clear, and he desired the good of all men!

Chapter XV.

In Durand's Vile at Scarborough Castle.

As time went on, the governor of Scarborough Castle became kinder to his Quaker prisoner, and as soon as he really knew him grew to love him. Finally he undertook George's cause, and when in London he presented his case to a Mr. March, a great friend of the Quakers. This man had a statement in George's favor drawn up and presented to the king. Charles II., after satisfying himself that George was a quiet, peaceable man, readily granted an order for his discharge. The order was sent to Scarborough, and Sir Jordan called all the officers of the jail together, and in their presence discharged George, making quite a triumph of the event.

Sir Jordan Crosslands was ever a good friend of the Quakers, and afterwards, if the Mayor of the town sent to him for soldiers to go and break up meetings, he always gave them private instructions not to meddle with them.

The day after George left prison the great fire devastated London. George was not the only Quaker who had had a knowledge of this event. A man called Thomas Briggs went through London preaching repentance, and crying that unless the people repented as Nineveh did they would surely be destroyed. Thomas Ibbett also warned London of its coming doom.

God Takes Care of His Own Work.

During the time George was in Lancaster and Scarborough jails Quakerism maintained its standing, and in the country places gained considerable ground. In and about London it was very different. Here eleven hundred Quakers died of the plague! This was a serious loss to a society which was only as yet in its infancy. The troubles that befell London in 1665 and 1666 were in one way a protection to the Quakers. People took less interest in them. The fire and plague and their consequences were the theme of the hour, and so the persecution was not as great as it had been. In 1664 a law had been passed to employ banishment as a punishment for obstinate Quakers. Fifty-five were transported to Jamaica. This really meant little else but slavery, and was a much dreaded sentence. To what lengths it might have been carried, had not the plague and fire intervened, it would be hard to say.

About this time George seems to have given some thought to the future of Quakerism and its better organization. Wherever he could he instituted Sunday meetings for worship. Then he had quarterly meetings composed of representative Quakers from different communities for business, viz., to inquire into the spiritual condition of the Quakers in the district, to obtain, if possible, redress for those who had been illegally imprisoned or prosecuted, to see that the children of Quakers were properly educated.

(To be continued.)

Men become followers of Jesus, not because they see great cathedrals erected in His honor, and hear majestic organs and splendid choirs sound His praises, but because they know some plain men and women whom devotion to Him has made just and kind and humble.

REPORTS

BRANDON. Four souls took their stand for God Seven Souls, at our week night meetings, Sunday, May 20th, God came very near and our souls were refreshed at the holiness meeting.

Adj. Wakefield was with us and read the Scripture lesson, and a most practical heart-searching running comment he gave us. The soldiers rallied to the open-air afternoon and night. Clear, ringing testimonies were given to God's saving and keeping power by some of our comrades. We were praying and believing for souls, and just as we entered into the prayer meeting two young men stood up in response to an invitation to express their desire for salvation, and presently we saw them making their way to the penitent form, and we believe they got blessedly saved. Capt. Taylor was piloting the prayer meeting, and we held on, knowing that there were others in that Army hall who should have got right with God. Just before the benediction was pronounced one dear boy came home, making three captures for the day. Self-Denial a glorious success. Target smashed. Much of this is largely due to the untiring zeal and practical way with which Captain Taylor appealed to the business men of our city, and he said that he received most gratifying and tangible expression of their sympathy and interest in our world-wide Salvation Army. Donations from the influential men far surpass any previous Self-Denial effort here. Mrs. Taylor and Capt. Hadley also assisted Capt. Taylor. True soldiers must not be forgotten. Many of them did well. Altogether the effort was a splendid success. To God be all the glory.—Chas. H. Bryce.

BURK'S FALLS. We have had another An Interesting Lecture, visit from our D. O. Brigadier T. H. Collier, which was heartily enjoyed by all who came to hear him. His lecture, "Twenty-one years in the Salvation Army," was intensely interesting and profitable. Sergt-Major Blashill said he could have listened for some hours to come, but the Brigadier closed at 10 p.m. and left on the midnight train for the S. A. excursion in Bracebridge on the morrow. Sergt. McHenry paid us a visit recently, which was profitable. One soul under the influence of drink came forward and prayed earnestly for God to save him.—Thos. J. Meeks.

COTTLE'S ISLAND. Since last report another A Wedding, has eluded wedding has taken place. Ensign Braee, from Exports performed the ceremony, which he did well. Eighteen men and women have been converted, making a total of twenty-two for this winter. Five enrolled under the good old flag. A new barracks opened at the outpost, Fort's Arm. Battering for great blessing from Him Who does all things well.

GLACE BAY. They say that expectancy is worse than reality. I suppose that when the news of S.-D. reached Glace Bay many received it with a few gasps and trembling, and were doubtful as to its outcome, but, bless the Lord, they didn't let it deter them, but like the valiant soldiers that they are, decided to push the effort. There was racing here and chasing there, but happily none of the comrades trod very hard on one another's feelings, but each one went in to do their best, and as a result of their co-operation and unity of spirit, our target of \$460 has been smashed. Many were the sighs of relief that passed from hearts that were sincere in their devotion to God and the Glace Bay corps. On the 24th of May it was decided to have a revival of the children from the various schools, and a treat it was to see their bright, happy faces, to hear their rippling laughter, and to see the spirit they all manifested of devotion towards their country. But this is not all that is to come. The Army band was asked to take the lead of the children in the march. We decided to comply with the request. About two thousand four hundred children followed the Army band to the stirring tunes that they rendered. Our faith is high for the future, and we believe that God will make bare His almighty arm in our midst. Instead of taking a holiday, as others did around us, we were busy looking after the temporal interests of several families of immigrants who recently arrived. After diligent searching, pleading, and exhortation, we have just succeeded in placing them in houses. At night we had a salvation meeting, in which two souls cried for mercy. May the good work continue and many more do likewise.—Lieut. B. C. Turner, for Adj. Carter.

HEART'S DELIGHT. Since last you heard from Two Enrolled, we have been busy with our S.-D. Thank God we got our target and finished paying for our new drum we had last fall. Sunday was a blessed day for our souls. The business meeting in the morning was a time of drinking at the fountain of living waters, in

the afternoon we had an enrolment. A man and his wife took their stand under the dear old flag. We believe they are in the place God wants them to be.—Ensign L. England.

INGERSOLL. It is good to be here. Stirring Four Souls, times are on hand. Last Thursday night one woman came forward for salvation. Sunday night the Ensign took for his subject "Death, Judgment, Hell, or Heaven," and during a well-fought-out prayer meeting two men and a woman came out for salvation, making four for the week. The old-fashioned march around the hall headed by the drummer, was a grand sight.—Sightseer, for Ensign and Mrs. Ryan.

INVERNESS. There have been a few changes since our last report. We have had to say good-bye to Capt. McLennan, as owing to ill-health she is obliged to rest for a time. We have also welcomed Ensign Richards, who comes from furrough to take charge pro tem. Ensign C. Campbell visited our corps on Friday night with a very interesting magic lantern service. A large crowd gathered around the open-air and listened attentively to what was said and done. Inside we were very much pleased to see a good attendance. Our S.-D. target will be demolished before this appears in print.—Salvationist.

LIPPINCOTT. The work is going forward. On Seven Souls, Saturday night a war knell at the drum head in the open-air. He said



Ensign Miller, Capt. Snow, and Bandmaster Nielsen, of Woodstock, N.S.

he had been attracted by the happy look on the faces of the soldiers, and desired to find the same happiness. One soul came out for a greater blessing in the morning holiness meeting. In the afternoon the band went to Queen's Park, where a good crowd listened to them. They afterwards enjoyed a Band Test, followed by a spiritual meeting together, through which they were well prepared for the evening operations. Mrs. Bailewick spoke simply and directly to the hearts of the people in the night meeting, and five souls sought Christ as their Saviour.—Corps Cor.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND. Once more we have Two Souls, proved that our God does hear and answer prayer.

Sunday, May 6th, from early morning till late at night God was with us, and at the close of our night meeting we had the joy of seeing three precious souls kneeling at the mercy seat. Two of them got saved, while the other went away without the blessing. God is working in our corps. Many are convicted of sin, and we are believing for some wonderful times in the near future.—S. Coveduck, Lieut.

LUNenburg. The officers are becoming Some Long Walks, acquainted here, and things are on the up-grade. Open-air interest is rising and good crowds stand to listen. Everyone has been working hard at S.-D. They had

long walks in the country, but not in vain, for the target has been smashed. The visit of Ensign Campbell was much appreciated by all, though the crowds were small on account of the rain. The visit of Capt. Backus, from Bridgewater, was also enjoyed.—Looker-on.

NANAIMO. Sunday was a good Farewell to Capt. Quaffo, day from early morning till late at night. The meetings were conducted by Capt. Quaffo, who for some time past has been connected with this corps. God has blessed him and made him a blessing many have been helped, and some have been brought from darkness into light, and from the power of sin unto God. Truly it will be said of the Captain by the people of Nanaimo, "He hath done what he could." Sunday night was his farewell meeting. It was blessed and owned by God and one soul came out for salvation. May the Lord bless the Captain and make him a blessing in his future appointment. Come back again, Captain; you will be welcome.—L. M. Dawe.

NEWCASTLE. Our officers have been having Hours of Trial, their dark hours and difficulties. Capt. Glen being laid aside with that very fashionable disease, la grippe. Captain Hamilton led us on, assisted by some of the comrades. Sunday afternoon testimony meeting led by John the Baptist No. 2; at night by Bro. Treadwell. On Monday Capt. Hamilton received word by wire of the critical illness of his mother at Westley, N.S. Left on Tuesday morning, and up to the writing of this she is still alive. We are praying for Captain Hamilton. Meetings are being conducted by Captain Glen and comrades. We are in the midst of our Self-Denial effort, and we are determined if prayer and faith and hard work will win, we shall reach our target. I hear some of the comrades have had quite interesting experiences in the districts while collecting. (Send them in—Ed.) May God abundantly bless each soldier and give us the victory and many souls.—Fanny.

NEW WESTMINSTER. We have been having Several Wounded, good times of late, and enjoying visits of a number of specials, also rejoicing in seeing several souls out for salvation. Ensign Bloss, Capt. Smith and Rickard have been helping us roll the chariot of late, also Bros. Butler and Cyphery. Come again, comrades. The fight is a stiff one, but, hallelujah, it is grand to see a few leaving the devil's realm. Some are desperately wounded and are going to drop at the mercy seat soon. Corps-Cadets Davidson and Perkins have put on the full armor and are going in for victory. God bless the Cadets. Bros. Innes Noice and Way are doing well in the junior work. They are deeply interested and have succeeded in swelling the numbers.—Dixie 2.

ORANGEVILLE. We have had Cadet Pollitt Glorious Week-End, with us for the week-end, and his visit was much appreciated. We did by all. Rousing meetings all day on Sunday. We not see any visible results but God was here with us. We are believing for a great burst out of revival in this part of the country. Comrades and friends kindly pray for a revival at Orangeville, where it is needed badly.—Lieut. V. Allen.

NORTH BAY. We are always pleased to have Two Souls, visit from Brigadier Collier. He held the large crowd in the open-air for time yet he night. Though very much rushed for time yet he conducted a meeting at the hall at which Mr. Harrington was much pleased. Adj. and Mrs. Mercer had arranged for the comrades to have a cup of tea with the Brigadier, and quite a pleasant time resulted. Capt. Chislett was kind enough to come for the evening, and her singing delighted everyone. S.-D. is over and we are grateful for victory. Best of all, souls are coming home, and we closed last night with two good cases, at which we were all so happy that we marched around the hall singing.—Sunbeam.

PALMERSTON. We have had some wonderful Ten Souls, times "during our Self-Denial." Our comrades all went in to do their best, and everything went off with a beautiful spirit, both in collecting, giving, and the spirit of self-denial. We have the pleasure of telling you the Lord wonderfully blessed us, and we had the joy of seeing ten souls give themselves up to God during this effort. We can say we have smashed our target, which looked at one time a mountain, but God gave us victory.—Corps Cor.

REGINA. More successes. Grand A Commercial Traveler Saved, meetings. Good collections. Truly, we are encouraged, from the C. O. down to the latest convert. Since last report half a dozen have come to the penitent form. On Sunday afternoon, May 20th, we held an open-air meeting outside one of the biggest hotels in the city. A commercial traveler happened to be in one of the rooms upstairs, and the songs and testimonies came to him think of his sins. He was a backslider, when the evening meeting, and at its close, comrades had gone but a few of the devoted comrades officers, he came to the penitent form. When he rose from his knees his face was shining with joy. Oh, wonderful love of God! There's nothing like salvation. Target smashed to smithereens.—S. S. Corps Cor.

RESERVE. Sunday afternoon we were an Appreciated Visit, ably assisted by the New Aberdeen band, and at night the meeting was in charge of Capt. Jaynes. The hall was packed to the doors, which is a new thing for Reserve. At the close one wanderer returned to the fold. The finances amounted to \$15.23 for the day. Great credit is due to the band, under the able leadership of Bandmaster Radcliffe. Their assistance was not only a great help financially, but was also an inspiration and blessing to us, and something that the people of Reserve are not likely soon to forget. May God bless Capt. Jaynes and the New Aberdeen band, and may they soon come back again. —Capt. G. E. McMillers.

ST. STEPHEN, N.B. We are still in the land of the living. We are having good meetings now. On Sunday night we had a small crowd. Finances good considering the crowd. The first meeting was somewhat hard, but God's power was felt and we rejoiced at the close to see three kneeling at the mercy seat. We are believing for a great time in the summer. God willing. Keep believing.—Yours in the war, Flynn, C. C.

SYDNEY. Our target of \$450 has been off to Bermuda, smashed with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. The soldiers worked nobly, and this magnificent sum is the result. After nearly a year's fighting in this corner of the battlefield, we have received orders to say farewell. We shall carry with us to Hamilton, Ber., our next appointment, many kind thoughts of old friends and comrades. Over 100 men and women have knelt for pardon, and about quarter that number added to the roll, for which we feel very grateful. A glorious opportunity is before our successors, and we do earnestly pray that their labors shall be much owned of God. Quite an increase has been made in the War Cry, which now number 400 weekly. Lieut. Inisio is the well-known boomer and deserves much credit for her interest in that side of affairs. Capt. M. Jaynes, with his band, from New Aberdeen, very kindly came over and gave a splendid musical program at our farewell. —M. R.

TORONTO JUNCTION. Wonderful times here. The fire duty surely burn. On Sunday the meetings were led by Capt. Burgess and Lieut. McCaffrey. God came very near. Most striking testimonies by comrades who have been converted since the corps opened. One who had many years tried to conquer the drink habit, and failed, but found victory through the precious blood of Jesus Christ; another a British bluejacket, who had travelted the world in sin, but came to Canada and found Jesus. Result: five young men knelt at the cross. Glory to God.—Secretary, for Burgess and McCaffrey, C. O's.

WALLA, EBURG. We won a magnificent victory in connection with our S.D. story. Denial effort. We went one hundred dollars over our target. We are going in for great victories.—N. Tiller.

WINDSCOT, N.S. Praise God, we are having good times. The string band is progressing amously. Last Sunday we had the joy of seeing the souls crying to God for mercy. Large crowds attracted to our Saturday night open-air and we are hoping for even crowds still. There are eight soldiers from the Old Country who have come and thrown in their lot with us. The juniors gave an entertainment last Thursday night, which went off with a bang. Ensign Sabine, and Capt. Payne are holding the fort here, and after a stirring address on Sunday night three more yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit, making a total of eight. Praise God. May His blessing be upon the corps and our junior work.—Professor.

Eastern Events.

By Ranger.

I had the privilege of assisting Adj. Cooper with his week-end meetings at New Glasgow last Saturday and Sunday. It was an inspiring sight to see the zeal and determination with which the soldiers took hold of the open-air and indoor meetings, and their faith was rewarded by seeing four souls at the mercy seat. During the eleven months that Adj. Cooper has been in command a grand work has been done, and as a result of his labors the corps is now in an excellent spiritual condition.

Ensign Campbell was at Westville for the week-end and he reports having had a real good time. I understand that a very interesting event will soon take place at this corps. The work at Westville is hampered by unsuitable barracks accommodation, but there is at present an excellent prospect of the Army being able to secure a property that will answer the requirements of the corps. Capt. Cavenider is to succeed Ensign Campbell in the G. B. M. work.

The very latest thing out is the Blue Nose Quartet, which, before this appears in print, will be touring the Eastern Province. It is made up of Captains Ritchie, Trounhart, and Riley and Bandman Griffiths, of Halifax I.

At Halifax things have been moving during the

last week. Adj. Thompson has received great encouragement in his work of collecting for the new Rescue Home. Ensign Parsons, assisted by Staff-Capt. Holman, Capt. Wilkes, and Sergt.-Major Jones, opened the work with a very interesting meeting at Rock Head Prison last Sunday. The prisoners seemed to appreciate the meeting, and at its close five held up their hands for prayer.

At Halifax II. Adj. Thompson had charge of the Sunday meetings. The crowds and interest were good, but Burning Bush will probably tell you all about it, so I will not trespass.

St. Thomas Band at Petrolia.

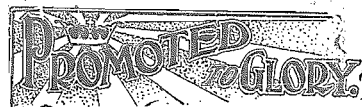
The visit of the band had been announced and pushed to the best of our ability, and great things were expected. Sharp on time the train pulled in from St. Thomas into the Oil City, and out jumped the red and blue coated warriors. The writer had the honor of giving them a word of welcome on behalf of the local corps. Many of them had never been this way before, and great inquiries were made as to the oil, one asking, "Where is the oil wells?" The march is formed, colors raised, and off we go, to the strains of a lively march. The Brigadier having arrived, we are now ready for war. At 7 p.m. the open-air is started, and an immense crowd, in spite of the cold, seem to enjoy the music and singing. A monster crowd assembled in the barracks, and the program reflected a great deal of credit on the part of the band, under the able direction of Bandmaster Allan. A pleasing feature was the presentation of a silver-plated, Class A, cornet to Bandman Fred Hardy, by Brigadier Hargrave.

Sunday dawned with very little sunshine, but, nothing daunted, at 10 a.m. the band, with a good crowd of soldiers, was off to the march. The 11 a.m. holiness meeting was very impressive. In the afternoon the rain ceased in time for the march and open-air. The people came to the hall till every seat was taken. Songs were sung, selections played, and under the blood-and-fire flag six recruits were enrolled as soldiers by the Brigadier. At night the rain hindered the march and open-air meeting, but it was surprising how the people came, nevertheless. The meeting commenced at 7.30. The Brigadier called upon a few of the bandmen, who expressed themselves as delighted at the wonderful change that had been brought about by salvation coming to their hearts and lives. After the male quartet had sang "Face to Face," the Brigadier's Bible reading and address held the attention of the monster crowd, and in the prayer meeting one man, who had been a wanderer, came to the mercy seat and got right with God. A pleasing feature of the prayer meeting was the way the visitors sang, prayed, danced, marched, and circled the building, trying to persuade those present that were unconvinced to seek the Lord before they left the building that night. Many went away having a great struggle, but we believe they will soon be compelled to yield. The band is to be congratulated on its appearance and its efficiency in playing the latest journals, also the zeal and courage of the bandmen in the prayer meeting, here, there, and everywhere, advising people to come to Jesus. Only keep this up, my comrades, and your reward is sure. The Petrolia corps desires to thank Adj. Walker and the comrades of St. Thomas for giving up the band for the week-end. We would be delighted if the Brigadier could come again and bring the band with him.—Ensign and Mrs. LeCocq.



Three Valiant Picton Boomers.

Mrs. Ackerman, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Gladys Ackerman.



A SOLDIER OF ARNOLD'S COVE.

Death has visited this corps for the first time during my stay at eleven months, and claimed for its victim a beloved sister and faithful soldier of the Army. Her clear, ringing testimony of what Christ her Saviour had done for her could be distinctly heard whenever the opportunity was given for her to speak. Truly we can say that bearing her cross for Jesus was her delight. The residence of our departed comrade was Mussel Arm, an outpost from Arnold's Cove. My visit of April 1st to the corner place found her enjoying a measure of health, and occupying her seat in the house of God. The last testimony that I heard from her in that Sunday night meeting is still fresh in my memory, as she rose to her feet, and before the congregation told of the grief work that has been wrought in her heart by the blood of Jesus, and of her determined will to press forward until she would receive her reward. Little did we think that death was so near. My next Sunday night at this place the vacant seat could be seen, and the tongue that a short time before was employed in praise to God was lying still in death. The last chorus that was sung by her, a little before she died, was "If I've Jesus, Jesus only," and just before passing into the great unknown she was heard to say, "I'm going home to Glory; meet me, meet me there." Our departed comrade leaves behind a husband, who is also a soldier. He pledged himself at the open grave, with the rest of God's followers, with raised hands to heaven, and sang, "We'll work until we see Jesus comes, and then we'll go home." He determined to meet her again on "gathered home," the great assembly of the redeemed that peaceful shore where the surges cease to roll. She also leaves behind two children, the oldest being a junior soldier. We ask the prayers of our comrades for all the bereaved ones that God will uphold them in their hours of sorrow.—W. Woolfrey, Lieut.

A SOLDIER FROM JACKSON'S COVE CALLED HOME.

On Sunday morning at one o'clock the chariot lowered at Jackson's Cove, and took away one of our dear soldiers, in the person of William Henry Kirby. He had been a soldier for a number of years, and truly can be said he lived and died a Salvationist. "He felt like a warrior, he died at his post." He was laid aside for quite a long time, suffering with that dread disease, consumption. His mother, who nursed him with the greatest of care day and night, told the writer he was never heard to murmur or complain, but waited meekly and patiently for the appointed time to be free from his suffering, and Jesus, in His own good time, came for him and took him to the mansion which had been prepared for him.

I visited him from time to time, and always found him trusting the God he served, and telling me he had no fear of death, and to meet him in heaven. We laid his remains in the S. A. cemetery. A large crowd gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to our departed comrade, in spite of the downpouring rain. Around the open grave we pledged ourselves to meet our comrade in heaven. He leaves his parents, four brothers and three sisters to mourn their loss.—L. Shears, Lieut.

FACTS IN A "NUTSHELL."

No bird of prey has the gift of song.
A flea's mouth is placed between its forelegs.
The smallest humming bird weighs twenty grains.
There are nine killed regiments in the British army.

A pint of milk produces about an ounce of butter.
The forests of Cuba occupy about 13,000,000 acres, and many of them are so dense as to be almost impenetrable.

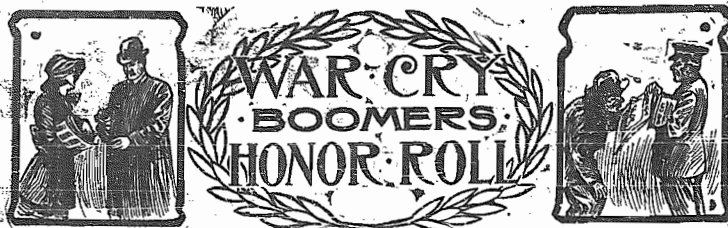
There are said to be 200 women in New York who go to Europe twice a year to buy their dresses. The number of men who cross the water for their new wardrobe is much greater.

It costs Great Britain \$10,000 to scrape the barnacles off the bottom of one of her big men-of-war, and re-paint it. This has to be done twice a year in the case of nearly every vessel.

Mount Hercules, in the Island of Papua, is said to be the highest mountain in the world, its altitude being 32,786 feet. Mount Everest, India, was until recently put down as the most lofty, but it is only 29,002 feet high.

The New York police have an ideal police baton. This is made of extremely heavy wood judiciously coated with India rubber, and has this merit, that while it will knock a man down with a single blow, it will stun without breaking his head.

Two milk-white horses—very rare variety—have been born at a menagerie in Iowa, U.S.A.
More beer is drunk in Munich than in any other town in the world. A quart and a half per day is the average per head of the population.



CHAMPION BOOMERS THIS WEEK.

Maggie Wright, Victoria 265
Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I. 250

It is very pleasant to note that twenty-five comrades appear in the lists as having sold 100 or more copies out of only five Provinces represented.

Here am a right way an' a rong way ob doin' ebery-thing, honeys, an' de pint am—wich is wich? Here be a boomer vat hab a good street fer ter wuk on. He go from door to door, an' he say, "Vat a War Cry, Massa?" "No," says de man (ob small sense), "Way goes dis here boomer an' tuckles de next wun."

Another boomer (she be a gal most alius) start on her street: "Brought you a War Cry, Massa," says she, cheery like. De man he look at her, an' he hab no intension fur ter buy, but he am fair struck at her manner. She be so pressin' like, an' 'pear as if she were doin' him a good turn by axin' him (wich ob course am de very truth).

"All de news," says she, "bout de Jiner'al, an' de Kommissioner, an' mighty big blessin's vich is a-comin' down on de Army all round de world. Vaid better be up ter date, Massa, an' git in de ruu o' tings."

De man he puts his fists in his pockets an' turns out de price, an' she goes on a-smilin' a' de way.

No doubt 'bout it dat dere am de way fur ter git on. I heerd 'bout two pussens vat wart ober de same groun' fur Self-Denial. De fust got a dollar an' few cents. An' de second got three dollars out o' dem same houses, a-gloatin' arter de oder wun was through.

Here be a moral dere, my honeys, vat Aunt Sue commends to yer wild best respects,



Why This Haste?

West Ontario Province.

59 Boomers.

Adj't. Kendall, Brantford 214
P. S.-M. Mrs. Wood, London 203
Capt. E. P. Lunden, Oshawa 190
Mrs. Stratford, Stratford 183
Lieut. Simpson, Stratford 187
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock 150
Capt. Garside, Hespeier 117
Miss. Adj't. Walker, St. Thomas 100
Mrs. Adj't. Hyde, Chatham 100
Eva Fuller, Chatham 109

Lieut. McWilliams, Goderich, 55; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 55; Capt. D. Thompson, Galt, 50; Capt. S. Gilchrist, Galt, 50; Capt. McLeod, Listowel, 50; Lieut. Harris, Norwich, 80; Lieut. Dreishinger, Forest, 75; Capt. Merritt, Leamington, 75; Sister M. Forbes, Simcoe, 70; Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia, 70; Lieut. Dobney, Paris, 70; Lieut. King, Elmhurst, 70; Mrs. Drabaw, Wallaceburg, 70; Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 65; Capt. Cook, Bothwell, 65; Capt. Horwood, Sarnia, 65; Capt. Leacock, Petrolia, 65; Mrs. Ensign Leacock, Petrolia, 65; Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia, 65; Capt. Kingston, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Cunningham, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Herrington, Seaforth, 64; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston, 60; Sergt. Wimbles, Brantford, 60; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex, 55; Mrs. Furthow, Wallaceburg, 55.

50 Copies—C.-C. Nettie Laird, Essex; Capt. Kerswell, Mt. Carleton, Kingstonville; Capt. Hinsley, Lieut. Walcott, Gillesburg; Mrs. Shuttis, Sarnia; Capt. Crossman, Lieut. King, Dresden; Sister Watt, Sister Garrett, Ridgetown; Capt. MacIver, Clinton; Mrs. Ensign Pynn, P. S.-M. Mrs. Lewis, Ingersoll; Sister Taylor, Wingham; Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Ensign Jarvis, Woodstock; Sergt. A. Hodgson, Sister A.

Norbury, Sister Nettie Penn, London; Minnie Dryden, Kate Doherty, Eva Norman, Adjutant Sims, Windsor.

East Ontario Province.

41 Boomers.

Mrs. Adj't. Crichton, Ottawa I. 175
Lieut. Thomson, Smith's Falls 146
S.-M. Stevenson, Peterboro 140
S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I. 100
Mary Massey, Kingston 100
Capt. Oldford, Quebec 100

80 and Over—Mrs. Ensign Crego, Brockville; Capt. Thomas, Cobourg; S.-M. Rogers, Montreal IV; Capt. Omond, Prescott; Sister Muriel Fraser.
Over 50—Ensign Crego, Brockville; P. S.-M. Fraser, Montreal V; Ensign O'Neil, Ottawa II; Cand. McAffadey, Ottawa I; Lieut. Armstrong, Ottawa II; Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston; Lieut. Nelson, Morrisburg; Mrs. Clapp, Picton; C.-C. Stevenson, Peterboro; Mrs. Hutchison, Picton; P. S.-M. King, Napanee.

50 Copies—Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Bro. Barrie, Montreal IV; Sister Esther McMillan, Montreal V; Lieut. Gower, Capt. Thornton, Trenton; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Tweed; Mrs. Adj't. Orchard, Montreal II; Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Kingston; Capt. Adj't. Ottawa I.

Under 50—Cand. C. Webber, Ottawa I; Treas. Mrs. Halpheny, Bro. Palmer, Smith's Falls; Mrs. Adj't. Cameron, Sergt. Mrs. Pikerling, S.-M. Dixon, Miss Young, Antenna (Kid, Kingston; Ensign Clark, Tweed; Staff-Capt. McAmmond, Dad Green, Peterboro; C.-C. Cartwright, Bro. Goddall, Montreal IV; Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Ensign Rose, Sergt. McConnell, Napanee.

Training Home Province.

37 Boomers.

Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I. 250
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverdale 195
Sergt. Mrs. Cowie, Temple 100

Cadet Palmer, Temple, 90; Lieut. Boocock, Bowmanville, 90; Capt. Magwood, Hamilton II, 80; Cadet Sanderson, Parliament St., 76; Lieut. Scott, Niagara Falls, 75; Lieut. Carey, Uxbridge, 75; Capt. Stollker, Riverdale, 75; Lieut. Proulx, Owen Sound, 75; Cadet Crowther, Dovercourt, 72; Cadet Geldis, Esther St., 70; Cadet Manning, Temple, 67; Lieut. Horon, Yorkville, 57; Cadet Chivers, Yorkville, 65; Cadet Kinsella, Esther St., 64; Cadet Boorman, Yorkville, 62; Cadet Wigle, Parliament St., 60; Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St., 60; Cadet Hanselbacher, Yorkville, 55; Cadet Hedberg, Lippincott, 55; Capt. Stickells, Aurora, 55; Cadet Trimlin, Parliament St., 53.

50 Copies—Adj't. Knight, Hamilton I; Lieut. Patrick, Hamilton II; Capt. Baird, Dovercourt; Lieut. Tandy, Dundas; Lieut. Thompson, Capt. Meader, Parliament St.; Sister E. Pointon, Lisgar St.; Staff-Capt. McAmara, Owen Sound; Sister Maude Watt, Mrs. Bradley, Lizzie Bradley, P. S.-M. Rice, Mrs. Rice, Temple.

Newfoundland Province.

12 Boomers.

Sergt. S. Pynn, St. John's I. 165
Cadet Vincent, St. John's I. 110
Cadet Stuckland, St. John's I. 100
Cadet Hussey, St. John's I. 100
Cadet Ball, St. John's II, 75; Capt. Jones, St. John's II, 40; P. S.-M. Whitten, St. John's I, 35; Cadet Matthews, 30; C.-C. E. Glover, 30; Cadet Tucker, St. John's II, 25; Sergt. Harris, St. John's I, 25; C. W. Horwood, St. John's II, 20.

Pacific Province.

8 Boomers.

Maggie Wright, Victoria 255
Cadet Nelson, Vancouver 110
Capt. Knudson, Vancouver, 95; Lieut. Dawe, 65; Capt. Davidson, Nanaimo, 35; Capt. Basingthwaite, 40; Capt. Travis, 40; M. Campbell, Fernie, 20.

EPITAPHS IN THE CEMETERY OF FAILURE.

He lacked tact.
Worry killed him.
He was too sensitive.
He couldn't say "No."
He did not find his place.
A little success paralyzed him.
He did not care how he looked.
He was too proud to take advice.
He did not guard his weak point.
He lacked the fire that kindles power.
He did not fall in love with his work.
He got into a rut and couldn't get out.
He did not learn to do things to a finish.
He was loaded down with useless baggage.

He loved ease; he didn't like to struggle.
He was the victim of the last man's advice.
He lacked the faculty of getting along with others.
He could not transmute his knowledge into power.
He tried to pick the flowers out of his occupation.
He knew a good deal, but could not make it practical.—Ex.

For the Housewife.

Pineapple Dainties.

(From Good Housekeeping.)

Pineapple Sandwiches.—Cut the pineapple in thin slices, and these again in small dice. Dust with powdered sugar, and arrange between thin slices of sponge cake or buttered bread. Cut into small, dainty shapes. These are very nice for afternoon tea, and must be eaten fresh.

Pineapple Lemonade.—Boil one cup each of sugar and water until it will thread, then add one cup of grated pineapple and the juice of two lemons. Add sugar and ice water to suit the taste before serving.

Pineapple Frappe.—Boil together for twenty minutes one pint of sugar and one pint of water. Add the grated pulp and juice of a fine ripe pineapple, and let the mixture boil two minutes longer. Add the juice of two lemons and freeze. When partly frozen add the whipped whites of two eggs, then freeze until it is as thick as mush. Serve in glasses.

Rice and Cheese.—Take a small cupful of rice, throw it into boiling water, and boil till tender; strain and add half a pint of milk, a little piece of butter, pepper and salt. Simmer for a little while, until the rice and milk are blended. Meanwhile, slice thinly two or three ounces of good cheese, grease a pie-dish, and lay the rice and cheese in alternate layers, sprinkling cheese on the top, also a few shreds of butter to prevent it getting dry. Put in the oven till nicely browned, and serve very hot.

Marrow Custard.—Cut up and boil a small marrow in milk, or in very little water, till tender, strain and pass through sieve; add two eggs, well beaten, some grated lemon-peel, essence of lemon, or other flavoring; sweeten to taste. Prepare a short-crust of wholemeal; line a shallow pie-dish, pour in the mixture and bake till set. When cold, sift over some powdered sugar.

Sandwich.—Break two eggs into a basin and beat well together; add mixed herbs, pepper and salt, grated cheese, and the pulp of a ripe tomato. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, and fry in enough of the mixture to cover the pan. The frying-pan must be thoroughly hot or it will stick to the bottom. This will only need cooking on one side, and when nicely done will be very light. Cut it up at once, and place between two slices of thin wholemeal bread and butter. This forms a really nice sandwich and can be prepared at a few minutes' notice.

To Make Hair Grow.—Use paraffin every morning to hair, well rubbing it into the scalp. Wash head at night with carbolic soap and water. Do not go near a light when using the paraffin. Take five drops of tincture of steel in two tablespoonsful of water three times a day after meals.

Permanganate of Potash (Fluid).—For tender, third feet: One dessertspoonful to a gallon of water. For a gargle, or wash for mouth. A few drops in a tumbler of cold water. For flushing drains: A tablespoonful to a pail of water. For standing in sick-rooms, etc.: A dessertspoonful to half a pint of water. Meat slightly tainted should be washed in a weak solution—if eaten.

NOTE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

We shall be glad to receive any practical hints from this corner from officers, soldiers, and friends. Some of you know some real good recipes, which would be a boon to new-comers to the country who don't know their way about yet. Do your comrades a good turn by sending them to the Editor of the War Cry.

A WHOLE SURRENDER.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept my will this day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine.
Nor any world-pride sacrifice to make.
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine—a thing that smelteth small—
And Thou alone, O God, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all!
Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can see
Struggles of passion; visions of delight
All that I love, and am; and faint would be
Deep love, fond hopes and longings infinite.

It hath been with tears, and dimmed with sighs,
Clothed in my grasp, till beauty hath it none.
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
My prayer ascendeth—"May Thy will be done."
Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail;
And merge it so in Thine own will, that even
If, in some desperate hour, my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my will, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so filled with grace divine.
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not need to know it all with my own.
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine
—From a book of devotion.

MISSING FRIENDS

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioner Thomas H. Connell, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mail "War Cry" to the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reply, or a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to write regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

5416. **BACHELOR, W. A. and C. W.** These two boys were sent out to Canada about four years ago. Their ages are W. A. 19 years, C. W. 16 years. May be on farms.

5421. **HYEMORE, S. NELSON.** Age 29, Norwegian, light complexion, height 5ft. 10in. Last known address, Nelson, B.C.

5422. **FORBES, FREDERICK SMART.** Age 66, height 5ft. 11in. dark red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, peculiar mark on forehead. Last heard of at St. Joseph's Island, Lake Superior.

5423. **DANIARD, V. R.** Last known address, Golden, B.C. If he will communicate with the above address he will hear of something to his advantage. Mother is dead.

5424. **SAMPSON, or SPARLING, HARRY.** Age 21, height 5ft. 7in., brown hair, dark eyes, fresh complexion, has a scar on nose. News wanted.

5425. **SEMPLE, GEORGE.** Age 36, height 5ft. 10in. dark complexion, artist. Last known address, San Francisco, before the earthquake. Mother anxious.

5426. **DOCHERTY, HENRY.** Age 18, dark complexion. Last heard from in 1899. Was then at St. Hyacinthe, Que., working on a farm. News wanted.

5427. **Relatives of ANDREW MEADOWS,** formerly of Pottershill, near Coventry, Eng. is believed to be at St. Thomas.

5428. **HOWE, ALFRED EDWARD.** Came to Canada two years ago. Supposed to be in Toronto. News wanted, whether living or dead.

5429. **WHATTLY, HAVILAND,** alias Bobo Whattly, alias Watson. Left England two years ago for Winnipeg or Brandon. Age 34, height 5ft. 8in., black hair, hazel eyes, pale complexion. Friends anxious.

5432. **BERRY, E. R.** This girl was sent to Canada by Dr. Barnardo's Home some years ago. She will now be 21. Her mother is getting anxious.

5433. **JACK, WILLIAM.** Last known address, Fernie, B.C. Age 42, height 5ft. 7in., blue eyes, fair complexion, Auburn hair. News urgently wanted.

T. S. F. A. POINTMENTS.

Capt. H. Hurd.—Ironing, June 13, 14; Morrisburg, June 15, 16, 17; Cornwall, June 18, 19; Sherbrooke, June 21, 22; Quebec, July 23, 24; Montreal III, June 25; Montreal I, June 28, 29; Montreal II, June 30, July 1; Montreal IV, July 2, 3; Montreal V, July 5, 6.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world? If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 26 Albert St., Toronto.

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Esther St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 68 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 915 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 345 Daly Ave.
Montreal, Que., 460 Seigneurs St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 634 St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 48 Gottingen St.
St. John's, Nfld., 25 Cruik St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 486 Young St.
Calgary, N.W.T.
Vancouver, B.C., 1334 Pender St.

Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Matron.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city on service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, and are ready to assist them in all possible ways.

ONLY ONE KIND AND THAT IS "OUR OWN MAKE."

"Just One Girl" is the title of a song that was all the rage a few years ago. If this were paraphrased into "Just One Kind," and referring to musical instruments, we would have a chorus from our leading Bandmasters all over the world that

"Our Own Make" is THE Make for Them.

Any capable Bandmaster knows that it is impossible to get the best results in unison and harmony with various makes of instruments, and when it is demonstrated that nothing better can be obtained at anything like the price charged for "Our Own Make," there seems to be no good reason for getting any other goods than those made by our own concern. In fact, a silver-plated set of "Our Own Make" can be obtained at about the cost of other first-class makes in brass.

We supply these instruments at English list prices, reckoning \$5 to the £, which is only possible by the International Trade Department and ourselves being content with a very moderate margin. This consideration is recognized and appreciated by our Bandmasters, who regard it as ample compensation for the delays occasioned on account of the factory being deluged with orders from all parts of the world.

Several corps are making special efforts to secure a set of these, the latest and among the most notable being Brantford, who have just received three silver-plated instruments, and have placed an order to-day for thirteen more, at a cost of over

ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS

Well done, Brantford. Among others are the following: London, seven instruments; St. Thomas, five; Peterboro, four; Calgary, Montreal, and the Temple, while several others are preparing orders—in one or two cases an entire outfit.

LIST OF PRICES.

THE BANDMASTER'S CORNET has been introduced with a view to supplying Bandmasters with a really superior instrument at a very special price. Extra attention is given to the design and construction of the instruments, which are most elegant in style and finish, and made in three models. They will be found excellent for presentation purposes on the lines approved by National Headquarters.

Mr. William Short, L.R.A.M. (Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music), and Principal Trumpet His Majesty the King's Band, Bandmaster and Conductor London County Council, Band Contest Adjudicator, etc., says of our Cornets that they are equal to any Cornets he has ever blown, and that he could not wish for better.

THE BANDMASTER'S CORNET, in B flat, with light German silver valves, short action, split double water-key, full and clear bore, complete with shanks, lyre, and two silver-plated mouthpieces; tuning bit, cleaning needle and grease box; triple silver-plated, tastefully engraved, frosted or burnished finish, or frosted and burnished mounts, in velvet-lined leather case, white fittings and strap \$75 00

No. 1a—IMPROVED MODEL A CORNET, in B flat, with German silver valves, clear bore, complete with shanks, lyre, and two silver-plated mouthpieces; triple silver-plated, burnished or frosted finish, or frosted and burnished mounts, split double water-key, wood case 50 00
Ditto, in brass 40 00

Military Drums, from \$25.00 up. Guards' Pattern Side Drums, \$35.00.

If cheaper lines are desired, we can supply them. Write for further particulars and Catalog.

CLASS A.	Brass.	Silver-Plate Extra.
Flugel Horns	\$37 00	\$12 50
Tenor Solo Model	50 00	17 50
Tenor Class A	40 00	17 50
Baritone	50 00	26 50
Euphonium, four valves	70 00	37 50
Euphonium, three valves	60 00	35 00

THE "BANDMASTER" EUPHONIUM "TRIUMPH,"

in B flat, with four German silver valves, large and clear bore, water-key, complete with lyre and silver-plated mouthpiece; silver-plated, frosted finish, or frosted and burnished mounts, neatly and tastefully engraved, in good, first-class leather case \$130 00
Same with three valves 120 00

	Brass.	Silver-Plate Extra.
Trombone, E flat	30 00	12 50
Trombone, E flat	37 50	12 50
Trombone, G	42 50	18 50
Bombardon, E flat	80 00	52 50
Medium Bass, B flat	100 00	65 00
Monster Double B	120 00	80 00
(Large bore \$5 extra.)		
Saxophones.—Soprano, B flat	55 00	15 00
Alto, E flat	60 00	20 00
Tenor, B flat	65 00	25 00
Baritone, E flat	70 00	30 00
Bass, B flat	90 00	35 00

We have a few Sets of **PHONOGRAPH RECORDS OF THE NEW PRIZE MARCHES** in Stock. \$3.00 for Set of B, or 50c. each. Order right away. They are of splendid quality, and reproduce the music of the renowned International Staff Band beautifully.

Trade Secretary, S. H. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.

Songs of the Week

ACCEPTING THE CROSS.

Tune.—N.B.B. 144.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Though I be despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

Chorus.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou hast shed Thy blood for me;
And though all men should forsake Thee
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Men may trouble and distress me,
"Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee!

TO THE FRONT—FORWARD!

Tune.—Victory for Me (N.B.B. 234).

2 To the front! the cry is ringing,
To the front! your place is there.
In the conflict men are wanted—
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer;
Selfish ends shall claim no right:
From the battle's post to take us;
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand;
God, look down, with glory crown
Our conquering band.
Victory for me,
Through the blood of Christ my Saviour,
Victory for me,
Through the precious blood.

To the front! the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way;
Every power and thought engaging,
Might divine shall be our aid;
We have heard the cry for help,
From the dying millions round us,
We've received the royal command
From our dying Lord who found us.

To the front! no more dreading,
Wounded spirits need no care;
To the front! the Lord is leading,
Stoop to help the dying there;
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation,
Wait for thee, in love to bring
Holy peace and liberation.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Tune.—Scatter Seeds (N.B.B. 175).

- 3 They tell me of a city
Where the masses know no God;
They tell me there are thousands
Who are strangers to the blood;
Where, in hopeless sin and sorrow,
Men do worse than wrong for bread,
Caring not to see the morrow,
Valuing wishing they were dead.

Chorus.

But Jesus looks upon them,
And will help us bring them in.

They tell me there are children
Out in winter's coldest night,
To be seen in bridge-recesses,
Hiding from the policeman's light—
Homeless, helpless little children,
Truly blighted are their bloom:
Won't you help them? Jesus asks you—
Wipe their tears, disperse their gloom?

Lo! I turn with heart nigh breaking,
Weeping, yet with hope sustained,
To the heights of Calvary's anguish,
To the Lamb with garments stained,
In His wounds no promise spoken
Of a grace enough for me:
On His thorn-pressed brow a token
Of what love can do for thee.

ARE YOU READY?

Tunes.—Holmesley (N.B.B. 157); He is Bringing (N.B.B. 166).

- 4 Hear the countless millions groaning
'Neath their load of sin and woe;
See them bound with chains so galling—
Who to rescue them will go?
Are you ready
Now, for Jesus' sake, to go?

In the slums, 'midst heathen darkness,
Who the light of love will show?
Saviours, brave and good, are wanted—
Will you to the rescue go?
Are you ready
Now, for Jesus' sake, to go?

On the field where war is raging,
Satan's power to overthrow,
Victims, tried and true, are falling,
Will you to the rescue go?
Are you ready
Now, for Jesus' sake, to go?

Lo! a mighty host advancing,
Sinners shall the Saviour know;
God's own Army, hell defeating,
We will to the rescue go.
I am ready!
Now, for Jesus' sake, to go.

A SOLO.

Tune.—Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming.

- 5 Only one life! How fast the days are passing,
Never a moment can I live again;
On, ever on, the stream of time is rushing,
Bearing me past life's pleasures and its pain.
Words that I speak, and deeds of love or anger,
Chances well used or neglected by me,
All are recorded on life's waste pages,
Making a story—ah, what shall it be?

Chorus.

Only one life, and that will soon be past;
Only what's done for Jesus will last.

Lord, as I pray, oh, let me learn the lesson,
This is the time of truth and love and brave;
No putting off of deeds by love demanded,
Now is the moment when Thy power can save.
Things that are past can never be recovered,
Over the future Thy hand has been spread,
Even the passing moments will no tarry;
Teach me to use it, ere its chance is fled.

SALVATION FOR ALL.

Tune.—N.B.B. 160.

- 6 Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is free and free;
Now, good sinners,
Come to Him Who died for thee.

Oh, escape to yonder mountain,
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away:
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish,
All may live, for Christ has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion,
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bask in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fullness
We shall then for ever prove.

THE BETTER WORLD. 4

Tune.—N.B.B. 123.

- 7 There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
There music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!

But wicked things and beasts of prey
Come not there!
And ruthless death, and fierce decay
Come not there!
There all are holy, all are good;
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners unrepent
Come not there!

Though we are sinners, every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in the land of glory reign,
Jesus died!

COMING EVENTS

The Commissioner

will conduct Three Great Meetings
at

Oshawa, on Sunday, June 17th,

assisted by

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE,
BRIGADIER TAYLOR, and
THE TEMPLE BAND.

DUFFERIN PARK Camp Meetings.

June 23rd to July 9th

DETAILED PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, June 23.—8 p.m., Colonel Kyle, the Chief Secretary, will conduct the Opening Service, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

SUNDAY, June 24.—11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6.30 p.m., The Chief Secretary in command, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

MONDAY, June 25.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor, 8 p.m., Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

TUESDAY, June 26.—3 p.m., Brigadier Howell.

WEDNESDAY, June 27.—8 p.m., Brigadier Southall.

THURSDAY, June 28.—3 p.m., Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, 8 p.m., United Band Festival, Colonel Kyle, chairman, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

FRIDAY, June 29.—8 p.m., Brigadier Taylor.

SATURDAY, June 30.—8 p.m., Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

SUNDAY, July 1.—11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m., THE COMMISSIONER in command, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

DOMINION DAY, MONDAY, July 2.—3 p.m., Covenant Service, led by THE COMMISSIONER, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff. 6.30 p.m., Salvation Meeting. 8.45 p.m., Limelight Demonstration. Moving Pictures. City Corps United.

TUESDAY, July 3.—8 p.m., Brigadier Southall.

WEDNESDAY, July 4.—8 p.m., Brigadier Howell, assisted by Salvation Bell-Ringers.

THURSDAY, July 5.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor, 8 p.m., Women's Demonstration, led by Mrs. Colonel Kyle, assisted by Women Staff Officers.

FRIDAY, July 6.—8 p.m., Colonel Kyle, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

SATURDAY, July 7.—8 p.m., Cadets' Foreign Demonstration, led by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

SUNDAY, July 8.—11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m., THE COMMISSIONER in command, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

MONDAY, July 9.—3 p.m., led by Colonel Kyle, 8 p.m., Great Wind-Up, under the presidency of THE COMMISSIONER. United Corps and Bands, and T. H. Q. Staff.

THE GREAT DEDICATION SERVICE

at which the Cadets, now in Training,
will be

COMMISSIONED FOR THE FIELD
will take place at the Temple

Monday, July 16th, at 8 p.m.,

conducted by

THE COMMISSIONER

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN

will visit Montreal on Sat., Sun., and
June 16, 17, 18.